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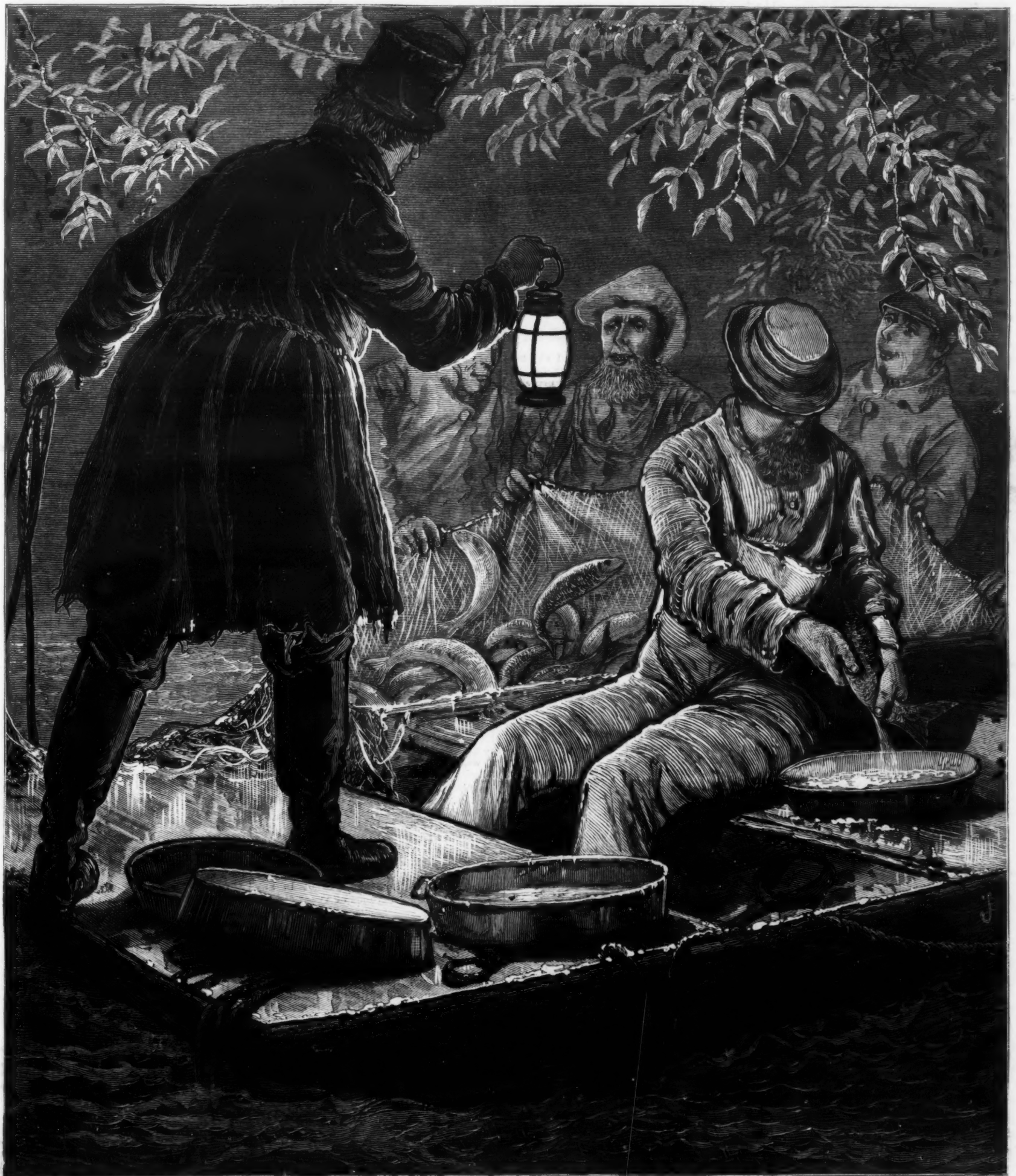


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FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 234.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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THE POTTER INVESTIGATIONS.

THE Potter resolution passed the House by the votes of Democrats, who secured a bare quorum. The Republicans solidly abstained from voting. Mr. Harrison, of Illinois, afterwards offered a resolution to the effect that the President's title is irrevocably fixed, and cannot be annulled, and that it is not the purpose of the House to call it in question. Seventy-one Democrats and ten Republicans voted for the resolution, and it failed because less than a quorum voted. The Republicans did not care to commit themselves beforehand to such a resolution, and thus, by refusing to vote, allowed it to fail, and therefore became responsible for its fate. After its failure, Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia, offered a resolution, extending the scope of the investigation to include any and every State in which the committee have reason to think election frauds were committed. The Democratic majority accepted this resolution, which was adopted without a division. The committee appointed by the Speaker for the responsible work consists of Clarkson N. Potter, of this city, an able and fair-minded man, who, though a Democrat, will scarcely allow his judgment to be warped by partisan considerations. Messrs. Morrison, of Illinois; Blackburn, of Kentucky; Hunton, of Virginia; Stenger, of Pennsylvania; McMahon, of Ohio; and Cobb, of Indiana, are well-known and respected Democrats. General Butler, notwithstanding his idiosyncrasies and occasional eccentricity, is one of the ablest Republicans in the House; and Messrs. Cox, of Ohio; Reed, of Maine; and Hiscock, of New York, are favorably known. If the investigation is to be made at all, it is as likely to be fairly made, and lead to as satisfactory results under this committee as under any that could be formed.

We have no disposition to plunge into the heat of a partisan controversy. Now that the House of Representatives has decided to make the investigations, and has instructed the committee to inquire into any and every case in which they have reason to think that frauds were committed, the subject is lifted out of the morass of mere party politics on to a broad national ground. We objected to a mere partisan investigation, and for valid reasons. It would do no good. No Republican would be convinced that frauds were committed by a Democratic report. The exhuming of old scandals would fill the newspapers with charges and criminations and recriminations, and make the air offensive with foulness without turning one hair white or black. If wrong has been committed, the mere investigation of it will not undo the wrong; it will simply poison the politics of the country.

To assail the President's title now that he has been declared elected by Congress, which is the only body in the country that has any power to act in the premises, and has been inaugurated in the constitutional way, every step backed by law, means trouble, would lead to endless confusion and would invite anarchy. It is easy to arraign the Electoral Commission as an unconstitutional body; it had no right save that given it by Congress, and the stream cannot rise above its source. The Electoral Commission claimed no right of standing under the Constitution, save such as is possessed by any and every commission organized by Congress for a special work. It did not make Hayes President. It was simply a committee of reference; Congress adopted its decisions, but it might have rejected them. It was Congress that made Hayes President, and in the constitutional way, and behind its

act it is now impossible legally to go. This doctrine is recognized by many leading Democrats and acquiesced in by most of the party. The Democrats of Pennsylvania put into their platform at the recent State Convention at Pittsburg, a resolution favoring the investigation of the alleged electoral frauds, but explicitly declaring that "we oppose any attack upon the Presidential title as dangerous to our institutions and fruitless in its results." And this resolution was adopted with tremendous cheering by the large convention, and has the general support of the Democratic papers of that State.

These facts virtually put the committee under bonds. The resolution of Mr. Wilson makes it incumbent on the committee to investigate the alleged frauds in Oregon. There is no probability that any new or startling discoveries will be made. The great thing now is to obtain proofs of charges and rumors which have been in circulation for a year and a half. If proofs of a tangible and unquestionable character cannot be found, the cry of fraud must be dismissed, or, if kept up, it will be hollow and meaningless. If the proofs are found, and are found to be convincing, Congress must take steps to prevent the occurrence of similar frauds hereafter; and if public men of either party have been guilty of conspiring to defeat the will of the people by tampering with ballot-boxes or election returns, they should be punished. It is not for the interest of either party to sanction fraud, and neither party can afford to be held responsible for it one day. The republican institutions rest on the honesty of the people and the purity of elections, and these institutions must be sustained at any sacrifice of individual preference or party advantage. The true American loves his party much, but his country more; and while he protests against every effort to defame public men without cause, and jeopardize the order and prosperity of the country, he will insist that the popular will shall be respected, and the rights of all men and all parties shall be sacredly maintained.

TRIAL BY JURY.

THE jury system as it at present exists has but little to recommend it, other than its extreme age. While other principles of the common or civil law have been discarded or modified as public sentiment changed or necessity demanded, the system of trial by jury, with all its intricacies and customs, has remained intact, an heirloom entailed upon us by our predecessors. Why the jury system should continue unchanged while other branches of jurisprudence and civil procedure have been reconstructed or thrown aside, it is difficult to understand. Rights which men have been taught to view with as great respect as even the right to trial by his peers, have come within the scope of modification and change. The writ of *habeas corpus*, rights of property, rules of evidence, equity proceedings, chancery practice, and even the organization of the judicial bench, have been revised and altered, so that in many instances but a semblance of the original is left. If, then, the present form of trial by jury has been proven faulty, or in any way capable of improvement, there seems to be no reason why a change should not be made. There can be no doubt that the plan of trying a case before twelve men, all of whom must agree before a decision can be had, works in many cases a great injustice and causes increased litigation and expense. Much has been said, and more can be said, of the disadvantages of the present method of reaching a determination of a legal controversy.

That the idea of having disinterested persons to decide disputes is one which has much to commend it, is true, and any plan which would ignore it would be met with a decided if not unanimous opposition. It is the very strength of this part of the jury system which has bolstered up the less meritorious or sensible part of it. Acknowledging the desirability and as well the necessity of leaving to impartial and discreet members of our common society the arbitration of our controverted affairs, the incongruity of other theories and practices which have been grafted upon the idea of a trial by one's peers is none the less discernible. The method which demands a unanimous decision from twelve men upon the subject presented to them is, to say the least, an unsafe one, and has tended to bring into disrepute the whole system. It is contrary to every principle recognized by common sense in all other affairs of man. The rule that the majority shall govern has been adopted in all our relations, public and private. This is derived from the very nature of things, no two persons ever thinking exactly alike upon the same subject. Were the principle embodied in the jury system adopted in commercial or political affairs the viciousness of it would necessitate its overthrow. Nothing depending upon the unanimous support of the people could ever be carried out. Even the right to live would be de-

nied if the consent of all were requisite to its enjoyment. The difficulties arising from this rule requiring a unanimous verdict have been frequently illustrated in the history of our courts. It is true that in many cases a verdict is arrived at, but upon an examination of the questions involved in these suits, it will be found that they were either so unimportant in themselves, or that the Justice presiding had so pointedly charged, that the jury could scarcely be divided upon the subject. But take the important cases which have been tried in this country, in which were involved the nicest questions of fact or the finest points of controversy, and which even the most acute jurists differed upon, and the result has been from necessity a difference of opinion on the part of the jury—a failure to agree. Nothing else could be expected; human nature must be entirely changed before twelve men, without previous bias, can be brought to agree upon a question the decision of which depends upon the clearest reasoning. This failure to procure a unanimous verdict gives to the minority, to a certain degree, the rights which the majority are permitted to enjoy in all other human affairs. Though the minority may not gain a verdict such as they demand, they prevent the decision of the majority from having any effect, and in some instances really control, by leaving the parties where they were before litigation. There are many reasons why a majority should decide the questions submitted. By making the number of the jury odd, a disagreement could never occur, and one trial would decide the merits of the case, and save the enormous expense which attends repeated trials of long and vexatious suits.

The chance of influencing a jury either by money or personal interest would be materially lessened; for, while the securing of one jurymen will now gain the desired end, a majority of the jury in the other case would have to be brought under the mystic influence of money or friendship. The difficulty of accomplishing the latter is so great as to make it almost an impossibility. The care exercised in the selection of a jury would be of more avail than it is at present. However diligent counsel may be in securing a jury of men who can intelligently judge of the questions submitted to them, it is too often the case that one or more are smuggled in whose capability of deciding any question is considerably below that of the ordinary five-year-old child. When questions involving interests of great value, sometimes running up into the hundred thousands and even millions, are submitted to the consideration of a man whose ideas of men and things are so limited as to preclude him from a proper realization of the importance of the subject he is supposed to consider, it is simply foolish to expect that the ends of justice will be served by depending upon him for a judgment of the matters in issue. Yet the most valuable interests and even the lives of individuals have depended upon the turn which such men's fancies might take. That more harm has not been done by ignorant and incompetent jurymen is due to the negative nature of the evil. They have caused justice to be impeded rather than established injustice, though the latter must follow the former to a certain degree. They are always on the side opposite to that taken by the intelligent jurymen, which, in the present form of trial by jury, serves to neutralize the opinions of those whose decision would be of some weight. In the majority system the quips and fancies of the few illiterate or weak-minded could not possess this power. In the absence of any more feasible or desirable plan, it becomes a question of great importance whether or not the majority verdict should be substituted for the unanimous one. In Scotland the plan has been tried and found to work satisfactorily, and is now the rule in all trials. A fair trial of the plan may prove the means of correcting many of the evils which now attach to litigation, and cannot in any event increase its burdens or vexations.

THE RED FLAG.

WE have heretofore referred to the extinction of many of the ancient causes of war, the decay of the spirit of slaughter for the purpose of national pride, and of the blind following of religious crusades, and of the tyranny of Caesarism working out the private ambition of kings through the remorseless sacrifice of an enslaved people, and of the necessities of that statesmanship which had to secure the balance of power among jarring States to preserve national autonomy. All these have given place, or are giving place, to the pressing demands on every nation to protect itself against itself. In Russia, the skeleton in the closet is a Nihilist; in Germany, it is a Socialist; in France, a Communist; in England, with less idealism or theorizing, it is a savage, landless, confederating laborer who stamps his wife beneath his heel and looks upon the inheritors of ancient manors as tyrants. The question suggested to Ameri-

cans last year is now confronting them again. Have we a skeleton with a red flag in our closet?

Judging from the recent debates in our National Congress, and looking to the imposing gathering at Lindell Park in St. Louis, and the newer dispatches from Pennsylvania and other parts of the country, we must conclude that we are not entirely at peace on this subject. One of the most earnest and patriotic and able of the members of Congress, speaking in reply to General Butler's speech on the reduction of the army, said with great solemnity, amid the perceptible agitation of the House of Representatives, referring to this skeleton, "The time may come when we shall find it necessary to fight for society." And when we regard the speech to which this was in reply it is very evident that General Butler contemplated a formidable popular movement with which he counted it very desirable to himself that he should be considered to be in sympathy. The speakers at the St. Louis meeting disavowed any agrarian intention or lawless resort to violence. But the badge of those who marched in long columns to listen to those speeches was a red feather in the hat, and their organization was consummated in a military enrollment. These agitators do not call themselves Communists; they are only members of "The Socialistic Labor Party." There is no doubt of the determination of this element of our population to do fighting of some sort. They declare it at the polls; they prepare in a way that would indicate that it might be on some other field. An exponent of the organization declares that they have adherents in New York and Brooklyn amounting to 100,000 men. We are bound to consider this an over-estimate, however, and we sincerely believe that they will find our institutions too strong and too elastic to be attained by any efforts of this organization. However, in view of so large a body of malcontents, it must appear that the strenuous efforts to reduce the force of the army, whose services as a national guard are so slightly regarded by General Butler, are anything but patriotic or safe.

The "Socialists" in this country are reinforced from two directions. One contingent is entirely European in origin and training. The military despotism of Germany has plowed in a field of free-thinking and brought forth this crop of thistles. Fortunately no official in this country stands as the representative of vested rights or privileged orders, else assassination might be resorted to as an object lesson, merely to draw attention to, and secure relief for, those who count themselves so unhappy. Quite distinct is the class who are violent and dissatisfied, not from any theories of government unrealized, but because they are suffering from adversity and in want of bread. As to the former, there is an inherent weakness of position; for, unlike any European country, there is provided here a safety-valve. Any one of them may take his place in the National Legislature and enact any law within the ample scope of the Constitution, if a sufficient number of his fellow-citizens agree with him. No force is called for nor no good taste. "Liberty, equality, fraternity" spreads itself harmlessly in our unconfined political atmosphere. For the "labor" contingent there are much better arms. Where it is hopeless and wicked to attempt to prevent competition and the reducing power of the law of supply and demand, there is an unjust might acquired by the corrupting employment and confederation of boundless capital—especially when employed to influence legislation—which provokes that resistance which is obedience to God. As one of the Socialists says, "It is the million-dollar men and not the hundred thousand dollar men who are the tyrants in this wise." The Liconian law which prohibited any Roman citizen from holding more than two hundred and fifty acres of land may be offensive to all ideas of right of property: but in the proper disposition of the public lands in this country it is unfortunate that it can be said without contradiction in Congress, that private corporations have been endowed with two hundred and eighty-five millions of acres, to say nothing of the one hundred and sixty-two million dollars of money.

If rings can be prevented and capital spurned from improper contact with legislation, and from monopolies hostile to genuine competition in trade, the country will see to it that no force shall deter laborers from accepting what competition shall award them untroubled by strikers, and that capital shall have the gain which is its due and which is for the benefit of the State. Capital will be to blame if any fuel is added to Communism.

SOME time in April of this year the State Department applied to our Consuls in European countries for information in respect of rates of wages, cost of living and the state of trade in their several districts. The Consul at Belfast sends the

first reply. In that part of Ireland farm-hands receive about \$2 per week, with board and lodging; railway and other laborers \$4.50 per week, and mechanics \$4.50 to \$6 per week, according to ability. This class accumulates nothing, as all the wages are expended in living. The cost of living is about 10 per cent. greater than ten years ago, while wages remain about the same. Of the necessities of life, flour costs 56 cents, oatmeal 33 cents, potatoes 24 cents, and Indian meal 28 cents per stone of 14 pounds. Rent varies from \$30 to \$85 per annum.

HOW TO SAVE.

THE breaking of so many savings banks and similar institutions has resulted in a sort of panic which has well-nigh destroyed public faith in them. People begin to look with distrust on all moneyed institutions, and their officers are often very unjustly suspected of being no better than they should be, even when no improper acts are laid to their charge. The worst effect of their failures is not so much of the loss money as the discouragement and distrust it breeds among the working classes of the country. They lose faith not only in such institutions, but in men and social justice, and they lose the heart to labor and save. A fixed habit of saving money means industry, temperance, self-denial, thrift—it means just those elements which go to make good citizens and a law-abiding, prosperous community. Whatever materially impairs that habit strikes at the foundation of individual virtue and public morals. The community can better afford to pay any poor man what he has lost than have him become idle, intemperate and thriftless, in consequence of the loss.

A question of vital welfare to society is thus raised by these numerous savings-bank failures. How are people to save their savings? The first thing, of course, is to save, even if the money is tied up in old stockings, or concealed in unused boots, and iron pots buried in the cellar. Catch the hare before making the soup; but the thought of the soup is a very strong provocation to catching the hare. The certainty that money is accumulating, however slowly it may be—that the sum laid by for future use is growing steadily like the snowball that is rolled over—acts as a powerful stimulant to thrifty ways. If savings banks do not save, some substitute must be found at once or the public will suffer from the moral deterioration of its great working class. In Philadelphia the building associations have to some extent taken the places of savings institutions. Most of them have been well-managed, and the result of their operations is that hundreds of mechanics now own comfortable, and in some cases elegant, homes. Associations on the same principle have been established in Boston and are doing well. But in thousands of cases workmen have been persuaded to purchase land under the auspices of some company with a high-sounding name, and have been swindled out of every cent. These land-sharks are worse plunderers than savings-bank directors, for they angle directly for an individual's hard savings, and once on their hook, it is gone for ever. Workmen would do well to own their homes if possible; but they should take special pains to ascertain that every dollar they put into a lot stays there and can be taken out of it should misfortune come. Life insurance is one means of saving. It has advantages over many other methods. But so many life insurance companies have proved to be gigantic swindles that most people distrust that class of institutions, even though some of them are managed with exceptional honesty and skill. They save money for a man's heirs after he is dead; what he wants is to save money for his own use when the opportunity for a profitable investment comes, or sickness throws him back on his resources, or bad times deprives him of work. Then, too, the majority of workmen are not sufficiently sure of their future capacity to pay the annual dues on a policy to justify them in taking one. However excellent these institutions when well conducted may be, they do not meet all the requirements of the case.

Postal savings banks are the third method of saving the savings of the people. The plan of these banks has already been explained in these columns, and set forth in the daily newspapers. The masters are authorized to receive sums ranging from \$5 to \$50, as agents of the Government, and the money is actually loaned to the United States at a low rate of interest. This plan has been tried in England, where it has worked admirably. But here it has been objected to on the ground that it infringes on the natural functions of Government, whose objects are to protect the lives and property of citizens and defend the nation from enemies. It is the business of a government to serve the people, and do all in its power for the public welfare; and it is of the utmost consequence to the nation

that the people shall be encouraged in all ways to save. Thrift is at the bottom of enduring national prosperity. France is today the most prosperous nation in Europe, notwithstanding her losses by war and the immense tribute she paid to Germany, because her people were thrifty. They saved more than any other in the world. Saving is a national habit and trait, and an eminent Frenchman recently said to an Englishman, "Our people have more silver spoons than yours have pawn-tickets." Everybody saves and takes pride in saving. And the American people ought to acquire the same habit of thrift. We have just passed through a long period of speculation. Fortunes have been heaped up in a few years by lucky hits and questionable artifices and reckless adventures. The profitable contracts of the war and the inflation of the currency which intoxicated our people with a passion for speculation which amounted in some cases almost to a craze, and led to practices that were little better than gambling, and rings that made wholesale stealing possible, all tended to infatuate our people with the notion that wealth is to be got by short cuts and happy turns of the wheel of fortune. We see the result in the prolonged depression of business, the broken banks, and the unparalleled amount of bankruptcy. People have become so infected with the demoralizing notion that there is something better than to earn money in honest ways and save a portion of what is earned. This prevalent idea must be eradicated before times can be permanently good. The shoddy days are over. The great thing now is for all classes to save. To save anything is better than to earn much and spend all; and the government that provides a way for saving the earnings of the people promotes public prosperity and encourages them to earn and save the more.

THE ELECTORAL SYSTEM.

BOTH a majority and a minority report have been rendered to Congress by the committee charged with the consideration of the method of electing the President and Vice-President. The majority plan proposes in brief, to allow each State a number of electoral votes equal to the number of its Senators and Representatives in Congress, but to distribute *pro-rata* these votes among candidates according to the popular vote. Each candidate for President and Vice-President is to have allotted to him his aliquot proportion of the electoral vote of every State in which he is voted for; these, when counted and ascertained, must be forwarded to Washington, and the candidates having a plurality of the electoral votes shall be declared elected as President and Vice-President. The minority say, "The majority, in their report, start out with the sweeping assertions that our present electoral system has utterly failed; that its operation is inequitable; that it is aristocratic in its nature, and was founded in distrust of the people;" and they also object because it is a "check upon the popular will." The minority regard these as bold objections, and that they strike at the foundations on which are rested the right of local self-government in America, as does the amendment they are intended to support. The minority say that under the present system each political body, each State, has the right to speak for all its people. The proposed plan takes away from these political bodies the right to speak, each for all its people, and permits minorities to speak to the whole United States, to have their voice heard here in the aggregate result, to become in effect voters of the United States instead of voters of the States. The right to speak by a majority, when its fundamental laws permit, is a right inherent in every republic. The plan of the majority takes away from these republics (the States) this right to speak by their majorities, and confers upon the United States the right to say, by a majority of the whole, who shall be President and Vice-President. Why should the right of a majority in a State not be as sacred as the right of the majority of the whole United States? Why rob the States of this right and confer it upon the General Government? Is it not too clear that this is simply another step toward consolidating the States out of sight in our system?

ARRANGEMENTS are now in progress for a Congressional excursion to the Paris Exposition, the party to be composed chiefly of members of Congress, with such of their families as may desire to accompany them. It is said by those who have charge of the excursion that should Congress adjourn in time to enable the project to be carried out, it would be highly gratifying to the French people, who would appreciate the compliment of such a delegation from one republic to another.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.—Inspector-General Sackett, of the army, has made a tour of inspection among the soldiers' cemeteries at the South. He learned

that the Chalmette Cemetery, at New Orleans, contains the bodies of 12,131 soldiers, of which 7,631 are known, and 5,400 unknown. In the cemetery at Mobile 841 were buried, 749 of which are known and 92 unknown. At Baton Rouge 2,943 soldiers were buried, of whom 2,459 are known and 484 unknown. The necropolis at Port Hudson is packed full of the bodies of negroes. The number interred there is 3,804, of which only 596 are marked "known." The grounds at Natchez, Miss., contain 3,088 bodies, and of these the superintendent has the names of only 308, the other 2,780 being recorded among the unknown. But the greatest collection of dead men's bones is at Vicksburg, where 16,596 soldiers were buried, and of whom only 3,893 are known, the word "unknown" being inscribed on the headstones of 12,703. At Memphis, of the 13,972 graves, 5,755 contain known bodies and 8,217 unknown. There are 5,225 graves at Mound City, Ill., and 2,463 of these contain soldiers who are known, while 8,817 are marked "unknown."

TRADE WITH CHINA.—The Vice-Consul in charge at Hong Kong sends to the Department of State an additional report in reply to the trade circular of last year. The direct trade with Hong Kong is mainly for reshipment to other Chinese ports. There is a market for iron of all kinds, lead, quicksilver, gin-seng, kerosene, flour and cotton manufactures. The Vice-Consul advises that our merchants open up a profitable iron market by sending out consignments, especially of nail and iron bar. The consumption is very large, and American brands and qualities need only to be known to create a demand for them. Our products generally and our cotton manufactures are steadily increasing in demand and favor. American banking facilities in the leading Chinese ports are greatly needed. The establishment of a bank at Hong Kong or Shanghai, or both, would greatly advance American trade, by affording merchants quick returns of invested capital, which now have to go through circuitous European channels.

It is the custom at the Royal Academy banquet to turn the gas full on with a sudden brilliant flash just as the company are rising to drink the health of the Queen.

M. Gounod is engaged on a five-act opera on the subject of Abélard and Heloise, the title being "Maitre Pierre." Two, if not three, of the acts are already completed. "Polyeucte" is in preparation, and will be brought out at the Grand Opera towards the end of June. Gounod is charmed with the cast, and the piece is being mounted with extraordinary magnificence, at a cost of 300,000 francs (\$60,000). Oh! Colonel Mapleson!

Japan advises report that beds of coral have been discovered on the coasts of Huga and Osumi, the produce of which is asserted to be superior to that of Tosa.

Germany must look to her laurels. The Fatherland used to pride itself upon having the finest musical executives in the world. But the first of pianists is Rubenstein, a Russian; the first of violinists is Sarasate, a Spaniard; the first of violoncellists is Platti, an Italian; the first of flutists is Svensson, a Swede; and now the first of pianists bids fair to be Mile. Jonothan, a Pole.

Prince Orloff, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, refused to enter the saloon where all the Princes and Ambassadors were assembled before the opening of the Exhibition. He did not wish to salute the Prince of Wales.

At the Exhibition, black gauze with satin stripe is the material most in favor. It is admirably suited to Watteau costumes, and harmonizes with the complexions of Frenchwomen.

Count Von Moltke has left Paris for Stockholm, in order to be present at the marriage of his adopted son with the daughter of the Count Von Moltke Ulfeld. He is the bearer of an immense quantity of costumes, millinery, *et id genus omne*, as a peace-offering to his future daughter-in-law. One did not suspect the iron old soldier of being so supremely good-natured.

Two fine diamonds, weighing respectively 47½ and 16½ carats, have been found at De Beer's Pan, South Africa. Another, of 87 carats, has been discovered at the River Diggings.

The Duc de Chartres would not go to the opening ceremonial of the Exhibition, because he would not meet Don Carlos; at least that was the reason he alleged.

The last words of Count Schouvaloff to Lord Salisbury, as the former was bidding adieu to the latter previous to his departure for Russia, were, "Now remember, if any good is to come out of my journey, not another soldier from India till I return!"

Prince Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, ex-King of Spain, is winning golden opinions. A friend writes: "I had believed him, on the faith of authorized sayings, to be a disconsolate widower, who could scarcely be dissuaded from becoming a monk, a Prince half-crazed with grief; but I found him full of fun and sparkle, brimming over with life, and very willing to enjoy any chance happiness that might fall in his way."

One of the boldest steps in the decoration of London houses has just been taken, and it is one

which, if only it be followed up, seems likely to get rid of the sober Quaker-like garments wherein the dwelling-houses have hitherto been arrayed. A large mansion in Chesham-place is now undergoing a process of transformation. It has been painted a rich and mellow Indian red, picked out with a lighter tint. Another house in Eccleston Square is following suit, as well two others in Lowndes Street, and in other parts there either are, or will be, probably, imitators.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has issued another call for \$5,000,000 of the outstanding five twenty bonds of 1865, new series.

THE Dime Savings Bank of Sacramento City has suspended. It proves to have been a sham concern, never having been incorporated.

NEARLY forty thousand children celebrated the forty-ninth anniversary of the Brooklyn Sunday-School Union by a public parade and formal exercises.

A PLATFORM was adopted and State nominations were made by the Indiana branch of the National Greenback-Labor Party, at Indianapolis, May 22d.

THE reduced rates on freight from New York to St. Louis, announced last week, will not go into effect, the order for the reduction having been revoked.

THE nomination of Stephen B. Packard, of Louisiana, to be United States Consul at Liverpool, has been confirmed by the Senate by a strict party vote.

THE British Vice-Consul at Philadelphia has stated that the English Government was fully advised of all purchases made of vessels by agents of Russia in this country.

COLONEL REDFIELD PROCTOR has received the nomination of the Vermont Republican Convention for Governor, E. P. Colton that for Lieutenant-Governor, and J. A. Page, that for State Treasurer.

It is understood that the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations are in strict accord with Secretary Evarts, and favor an appropriation for the Halifax Fisheries Award and further negotiations.

THE Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bill, as amended by the Senate Committee on Appropriations, increases the appropriation for the office of the Assistant Treasurer at New York from \$146,000 to \$150,475.

TWENTY-NINE proprietors of establishments alleged to be causing foul odors in New York City have been indicted by the Grand Jury, and it is believed that similar action has been taken against the Boards of Aldermen and Health.

In the Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania on May 23d, Andrew H. Dill was nominated for Governor; Henry P. Ross, for Supreme-Court Judge; John Fertig, for Lieutenant-Governor; and J. S. Africa, for Secretary of Internal Affairs.

SENATOR CHRISTIANCY has introduced a Bill to reorganize the Court of Claims and to include within its jurisdiction all such claims as are now brought before Congress or the Executive Departments, and providing that the Court shall hereafter consist of nine judges.

ON May 20th a Bill was introduced into the House of Representatives, asking for an appropriation of \$189,000,000 for internal improvements, mainly for old Southern canals. The Bill proposes that the Government shall issue a fifty-year five per cent. bond as a special loan for this purpose, the bonds to be secured by a mortgage upon the property.

THE special committee appointed under the Potter resolution to investigate the alleged frauds in the Presidential election in Louisiana and Florida consists of Messrs. Clarkson N. Potter, New York; Wm. B. Morrison, Illinois; Eppa Hunton, Virginia; John A. McMahon, Ohio; J. C. S. Blackburn, Kentucky; W. S. Stenger, Pennsylvania; Thomas R. Cobb, Indiana (Democrats); B. F. Butler, Massachusetts; Frank H. Cox, New York; J. D. Cox, Ohio; and Thomas B. Reed, Maine (Republicans). There has been no formal organization of the committee as yet, but several conferences have been held. It is probable that sub-committees will be sent to each of the States mentioned.

Foreign.

A RIOT before the Imperial Palace at Constantinople on May 20th appears to have been a part of a regular organized conspiracy to dethrone the Sultan and restore Murad.

At Constantinople the Russians have again advanced their entire line slightly, without, however, violating the neutral zone. Immense quantities of war material continue to reach the Russian camp.

THE insurrection in Lazistan against the Russians is spreading. It is estimated that between 10,000 and 15,000 Lazs are under arms. These are prosecuting a guerrilla warfare against the Russians about Artvin and Batum.

In the Riksdag, on May 20th, the Foreign Minister, replying to an inquiry, said that the report about Germany's efforts to close the Baltic against the British in case of war was untrue. No such proposition has been made.

A GRAND military demonstration was made in Montreal, May 24th, the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday. There is still considerable apprehension throughout Canada of a Fenian invasion from the United States. Militia are being mustered along the frontier, and gunboats have been ordered to cruise about Lake Erie.

THE Vatican, in its negotiations with Germany having refused to recognize the Falk laws, proposes instead to come to an agreement on the basis of the bull *de salute animarum*, issued in 1821, to regulate the relations between the Church and non-Catholic German States. The Vatican, however, entertains little hope that the proposal will be accepted.

News received by the Austrian Government May 24th renders the supposition that the Congress will meet next month almost a certainty. The Congress will meet to consider what changes are necessary in the Treaty of Paris. These changes will be carried out by the Powers, Russia, however, not assisting. The possibility of a temporary British occupation of Crete and Batum is mooted.

A SEMI-OFFICIAL announcement in London of Count Schouvaloff's return from St. Petersburg, says that he brings the assurance that the disposition in St. Petersburg for peace quite equals that in London. Russia, however, declines to pass the sponge over the Treaty of San Stefano, but is prepared to discuss in a Congress its various stipulations. The Count brings assurances that General Todleben has been forbidden to make any attempt to surprise Constantinople, and also that the Russian Government is not connected with the manifesto recently issued by a committee for equipping cruisers.

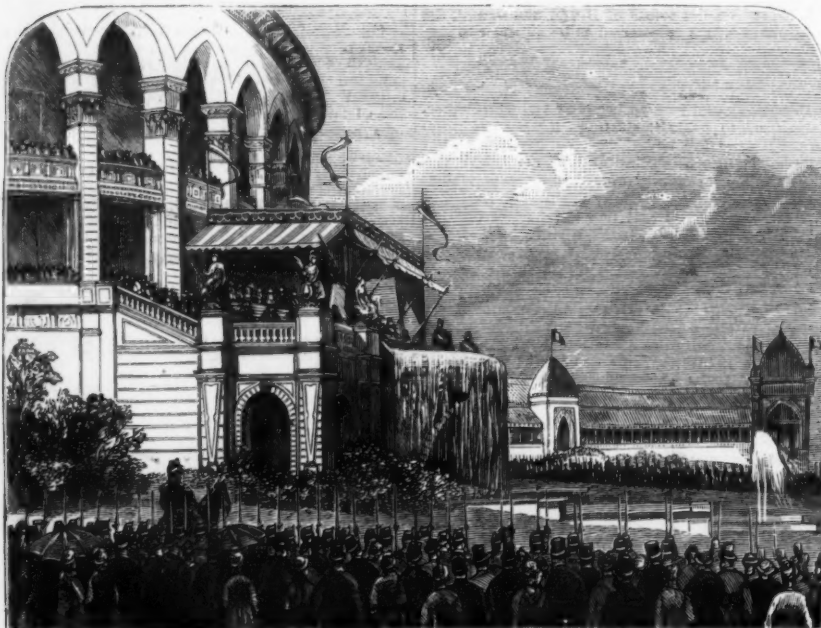
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 235.



FRANCE.—OPENING OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION—PRESENTATION OF THE BRITISH COMMISSION TO MARSHAL MACMAHON AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PAVILION.



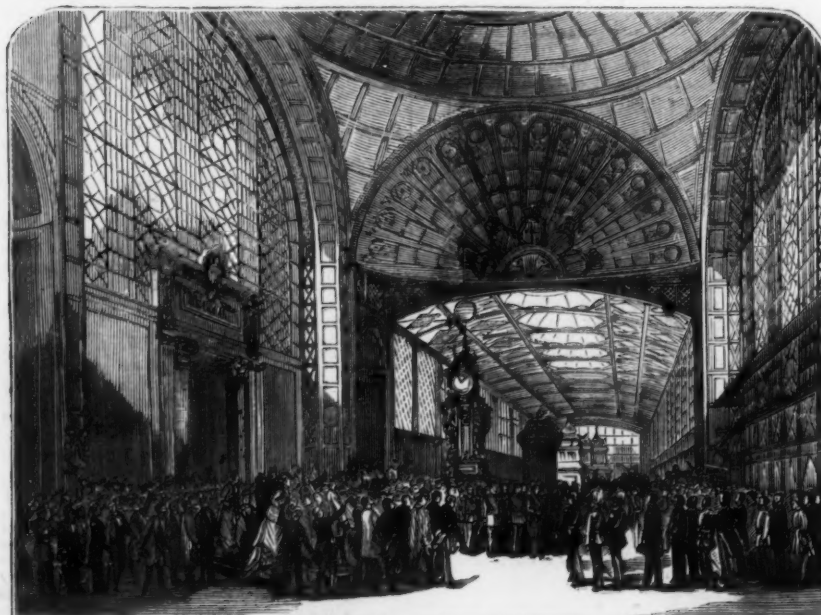
ENGLAND.—THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.



FRANCE.—OPENING OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION—THE PRESIDENTIAL DECLARATION FROM THE BALCONY.



FRANCE.—OPENING OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION—RECEPTION OF THE PRINCES AND FOREIGN AMBASSADORS BY MARSHAL MACMAHON, IN THE TROCADERO BUILDING.



FRANCE.—OPENING OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION—RECEPTION OF THE COMMISSIONERS BY MARSHAL MACMAHON, AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE BRITISH SECTION.



FRANCE.—OPENING OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE PAVILION OF THE UNITED STATES SECTION.



SOUTH AMERICA.—CONSTRUCTION OF A RAILROAD FROM THE RIO MADEIRA TO THE RIO MARMORA, BRAZIL, BY AMERICAN ARTISANS—THE STEAMER "RICHMOND" DISCHARGING RAILROAD MATERIALS AT SAN ANTONIO.—FROM A SKETCH BY ENGINEER SNOW.

THE AMERICAN RAILROAD-LAYING EXPEDITION TO BRAZIL.

MUCH attention has been called of late to the advancement of the material interests of Brazil by the part being performed by the capital and labor of the United States. Scarcely any of our readers can have forgotten the terrible calamity which befell the steamship *Metropolis*, off Currutuck Beach, North Carolina, on the 31st of January last. The ship had steamed from Philadelphia with five hundred tons of railroad iron and over two hundred engineers, artisans and laborers on board, destined for Para, Brazil, the men and materials having been engaged for the construction of a railroad to connect the navigable waters of the Rio Madeira, which flows into the Amazon, with the Rio Marmora. The facts of the destruction of the ship and the loss of a large portion of the passengers and crew are still fresh in the mind.

This appalling misfortune to the first of a fleet of three vessels which had been chartered for this special service did not deter the contractors from hastening the departure of a second, and the *Richmond*, with another cargo of railroad freight, and a detachment of four hundred engineers and laborers, left Philadelphia, February 15th, and arrived at Para early on the morning of March 9th.

The engineers took passage on one of the steamers of the Amazon Navigation Steamship Company, and preceded the *Richmond* to San Antonio. On the following day the *Richmond* steamed to San Antonio, and the work of removing the freight was at once begun. This labor forms the subject of our illustration.

The engineers of the expedition have received vast courtesies from Captain Lima and Señor Pimenta Bueno, the latter being remembered as the gentleman who rendered such self-sacrificing services to the late Professor Agassiz during his last explorations of Brazil.

The third vessel of the fleet, the *Mercedita*, with over two hundred men on board, was subject to many vexatious and unavoidable delays, besides being run aground several times. The engineers and laborers, many of whom were Italians, were forwarded from Para by the quickest dispatch to San Antonio, and the *Mercedita* steamed thither shortly after.

When our correspondent left the colony, work was thriving on every hand. A temporary railroad had been constructed from the wharf where the materials were landed to a considerable distance into the interior; saw-mills had been put up, machinery got together and in working order, and the object of the expedition fully inaugurated.

The latest intelligence concerning the enterprise is to the effect that the agent of the Messrs. Collins, who has been in Washington and adjacent portions of Virginia for the purpose of obtaining laborers to work on the Madeira and Marmora Railroad in Brazil, is meeting with better success than was anticipated. It is now believed that he will obtain the desired number of men without further trouble or delay. He offers \$1.50 a day with transportation to Brazil and return. The laborers agree to remain on the work until it is completed, which the contractors expect will require about eighteen months or two years. During the first six months a percentage of the laborers' wages will be retained until it amounts to \$50, which is to be used as a fund to pay their passage home, provided they prefer to remain no longer. The Rev. Alexander Cromwell, a well-

known colored minister at Washington, has interested himself in this movement, and has advised colored men to enter the contract with the Messrs. Collins. He also suggests that a trustworthy colored man should be allowed to accompany the laborers as religious instructor, letter-writer, schoolmaster, etc.; that Sunday should be set aside as a day of rest; and that the company should require all laborers with whom it contracts

to return to the United States at the expiration of their terms of service. This would prevent all difficulty concerning citizenship, and all complaints from families here. The contractors have expressed a willingness to accede to Mr. Cromwell's suggestions.

In addition to this enterprise of citizens of the United States, a greater one in point of commercial interest, which we have previously de-

scribed in full, is the establishment of the United States and Brazil Mail Steamship Line. Two vessels, the *City of Rio de Janeiro* and the *City of Para*, have already been constructed and launched, and dispatched to their tropical destination.

THE LATE JOHN R. McDANIEL.

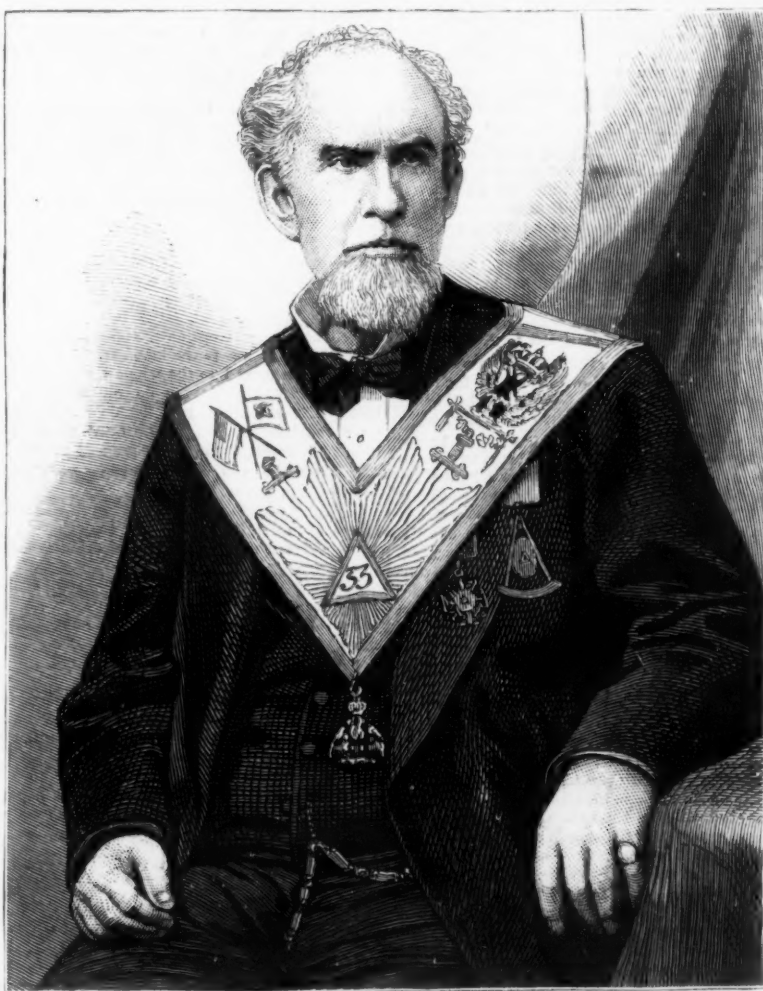
JOHN ROBIN McDANIEL, of Lynchburg, Va., who died suddenly May 14th, at the age of seventy-one years, of heart-disease, had been for many years President of the Citizens' Savings Bank, President of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, President of the City Council and of the Trustees of Lynchburg College, and a leading member of the Masonic fraternity. He received the degrees in Eureka Chapter, No. 10, in Lynchburg, December 26th, 1843; was elected High Priest, November 23d, 1844, and, with the exception of six months, filled that station until 1868. In December, 1853, he was elected Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Virginia, and received the orders in De Molay Commandery, No. 4, in Lynchburg, January 8th, 1844, becoming its Eminent Commander six years later. In the Grand Commandery he was elected Deputy Grand Commander, December, 1848, and at each succeeding conclave was re-elected, until the conclave, December 16th, 1869, when he was elected Grand Commander. He received all the grades in the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite, up to the ultimate in 1847, under the jurisdiction of the Supreme Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General, thirty-third degree, for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States; and at the time of his death was an active member and Lieutenant Grand Commander. He had had vast experience in railroad, State, municipal, corporation and charitable affairs, and was held in such high esteem that Mayor Bailey officially asked a suspension of all business in Lynchburg on the day of his funeral.

MILITARY DRILL IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

ANNUAL PARADE OF THE BOSTON SCHOOL REGIMENT.

SEVERAL years ago it was decided to add to the regular curriculum followed in the public schools of Boston a series of exercises of a military character. This innovation was hailed by the boys with demonstrations of the highest delight, and the results accruing from the new system in the way of obedience, promptness, punctuality and graceful carriage, as well as in the marked physical improvement of the scholars, has fully justified the expectations of the authorities. From companies the uniformed scholars have been enlarged into battalions, and although the organization is at present known as the Boston School Regiment, it is in reality a brigade. Each year this fine corps has a public parade and undergoes the inspection of the Committee on Military Drill, the Board of Education, and the city and State officers.

The review this year occurred on Friday, May 17th. The line, or rather column of fours, was formed soon after ten o'clock on the Tremont and Boylston Street malls of the Common, the



VIRGINIA.—THE LATE JOHN R. McDANIEL, OF LYNCHBURG, SOVEREIGN GRAND INSPECTOR-GENERAL, F. & A. M. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. EDWARDS.

right resting near the West Street gate, General Moore, the military instructor of the regiment, superintending the formation. Shortly before eleven o'clock the column began moving, preceded by a detachment of police. There were in the line five distinct battalions, comprising twenty-five companies, and numbering upwards of 1,200 boys, ranging in age from fourteen to twenty years, all under the command of the colonel acting as brigadier-general. The officers are: Colonel E. E. Locke, of the English High School; Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Dunton, of the Latin School; Drum Major W. H. W. Bickwell, of the Latin School; Major of the First Battalion, representing the English High School, W. H. Emerson; of the Second Battalion, same school, C. U. B. McCauley; of the Third, from the Latin School, V. J. Loring; of the Fourth, from the Highlands District, J. B. Spofford; and of the Fifth, from the Charleston High School, E. H. Hatch. Each battalion has its adjutant, quartermaster, sergeant-major, captain and first and second lieutenant.

The column marched through West, Washington, Summer, High, Federal, Franklin, Broad, State, Washington, School and Beacon Streets, to Charles Street, where it entered the Common, the parade-ground having been roped off for the benefit of the boys. The regiment marched in column of fours, but at times, as in State, School, Beacon and a few other streets, company front was the formation. The sidewalks and windows all along the route were filled with people, and the soldierly bearing of the lads elicited hearty applause at several different points. On School Street a marching salute was paid Mayor Pierce, who, accompanied by members of the City Government, occupied a position on the sidewalk in front of the City Hall. At the State House, a similar honor was rendered Governor Rice, who was accompanied by his staff, and stood upon the steps at the gate leading to the edifice.

Upon reaching the Common a rest was given the boys, and it was apparently fully enjoyed.

There was an immense crowd upon the Common, and within the rope boundary were gathered a large number of well-known military and other invited gentlemen. Several members of General Sutton's staff, Lieutenant-Colonel Strachan, Major Wellington and others were present in uniform. After a short rest, brigade line of masses was formed for review, Mr. Godfrey Morse, chairman of the Committee on Military Drill, being the reviewing officer. The ceremony was gone through with in excellent style, the march in review being especially fine. A dress parade concluded the ceremonies, which lasted nearly an hour, and the battalions were dismissed.

THE MARINE BINOCULAR.

(Concluded from last week.)

FOR a little while the matter I had been writing about remained in my mind, blocking the way against new thought. Gradually I fell to musing over the visit of the detective. My eyes rested on the window through which I had so often watched the ill-treatment of the boy. Suddenly an idea struck me with great clearness and force. The more I examined it, the more worthy it seemed of attention. At last I made up my mind, sat down, and wrote a note to Detective Bracken asking him to call the next day.

Early in the afternoon Bracken was with me. It was no part of my design to take him into my counsel. I concluded from his great desire to discover a clue that he would gladly lend himself to any plan offering the faintest hope of light. When we were alone I informed him that since I had seen him an idea had occurred to me which might lead to a clue. I warned him that a more fanciful idea had never entered the mind of man. But I was willing to put it to the test and bear the expense if it turned out idle. If discovery followed, he should pay, and all the public portion was to be his. He joyfully accepted.

"In the first place," I asked, "are those rooms still unoccupied?"

"Yes."

"Very good. Go over and take them for a month."

"Anything further?"

"Yes. Examine the floor in the centre of the old man's room. When you have done so, lock the door on the stairs and come to me. Stop! there is another thing. Buy some newspapers on your way there, and blind up the window before you begin your search."

In less than an hour he returned.

"I have," he said, "done all you told me. In the centre of the room one piece of plank, eighteen inches long and nine wide, is loose. At first I did not think it was loose, for all the nail-heads are in it."

"Did you find anything under the loose piece of plank?"

"No; the place was quite empty, and there was no cobwebs in it; they are generally found between flooring and ceiling."

"Bracken, we have made our first discovery."

"Yes; the place where he hid his money."

"And we have made our second discovery at the same time."

"What's that?" he asked, with a slight expression of surprise.

"The motive of the double murder. Now, Bracken, let us see if we can get any further with what we have in hand. The word chloroform was not mentioned by the doctors at the inquest, but it explains all the peculiar symptoms in the lad's case. He was heavily chloroformed first, the old man was then strangled, the money stolen, and the body of the lad thrown through the windows to make it seem like murder and suicide of the boy's doing. Now, the murdered people had no intercourse whatever with the people in that house or that court, and the old man's store at Wapping was far enough off to destroy his trail, as you told me the people around the store had no notion whatever of where the old man lived. As we know from the evidence, he had no friends and never a visitor once. At the court every one thought him very poor. At Wapping he was supposed to be a miser, but no one at Wapping knew where he lived. Do you see your way to anything now, Bracken?"

"Yes. It wasn't any one from the court or from Wapping that did the job."

"Precisely. But still it must have been some one within a short radius of the court. It is not likely that the lad knew of his grandfather's hoardings, and it is not likely that the old man told any one in the neighborhood that he kept a large sum under a loose plank in his bedroom."

How, therefore, did the murderer know where the money was hidden? We need not bother with thinking that any one on the first floor had anything to do with it, for he was never home until the office was shut, and then there was no one below to hear any noises between floor and ceiling. Yet it must have been by accident that the place of concealment was discovered. I am now sure of how the accidental discovery was made. All we have to do is try and select the person who made it. Have you got the latch-key of the front door?"

"I have."

"Very good. I am now going to ask you to do an extraordinary and repulsive thing. Upon your compliance all depends."

"You may count on me."

"Well, you must go at once to some theatrical costumer and get the means of making yourself up as exactly as possible like the old man. You must have a wig with a bald purple crown, and so on. If you flinch, it's all over and I give it up."

"But—"

"I assure you there isn't the least use of saying a word. If you don't consent, I bid good-by to the whole thing. Are you satisfied to go on?"

"If there's nothing else for it, I am."

"Come in a cab the night after to-morrow and bring the disguise. You can dress here, and I'll paint your face."

At the time appointed he came, bringing with him the materials for making the counterfeit of the murdered man. Bracken was about the right height, but much more slender than the deceased. This deficiency of bulk had been compensated for by padding the coat. Whilst I assisted him to dress, I said:

"At the time of the inquest it did not occur to me to mention a habit which I had observed in the deceased. After the lad left the room, and while the lamp still burned on the table, he would go to the middle of the room, and sitting down with his back to the window so remain for several minutes. At the inquest no questions were asked me except those relating to the night of the murder and to the frequent quarrels. When you called on me the other evening, owing to preoccupation, I did not enter very actively into the subject of your visit. Later on I connected the thought of the secret store of money with this habit of sitting on the floor. At the same moment another idea flashed into my mind. We have tested one of those ideas and found substance behind it. To-night I am going to try the other. To-night I have to discover the man who took the money out of that hole on the fatal night. If I succeed, you shall put your hand on him the night after to-morrow, or rather early the next morning."

By this time Bracken seemed to suspect what my plan was.

"At twelve," I continued, "we shall both go over to our new rooms with this paraffine lamp; it is like the one broken the night of the murder. Before lighting it, you will take down the newspapers fixed against the window. At about half-past twelve you will light the lamp, and move about the room for a little while, keeping pretty near the window. Then you will for about ten minutes sit at the table with your face to the lamp. When you get up, move to the centre of the room, sit down on the floor with your back to the window and take up the loose board. You will remain so until you hear me knock on the floor of the next room. Then you will rise suddenly, face round, and with your full front to the window, shake your hand, as though in a threatening rage, at the window, pointing at the same time to the empty hole. Then, leaving the lamp lighted, you will rejoin me in the other room."

I had finished painting him by this time, and was rubbing the lenses of my large binocular with some fine white tissue paper.

"I understand, sir," said the detective. "I understand, and you will take your glasses with you to pass the lonesome time in the other room."

"Yes, I intend taking the glasses."

"Well, I think we'll get him now."

Having made Bracken throw over him a large loose cloak, and substitute for his own silk hat a soft broad-brimmed one of mine, we set out and soon gained those rooms. Bracken went immediately into the inner one, and I took up my position at the window of the other. Here with my glasses I could see all the windows that commanded the room where the old man had hid his hoard and met his death. For an hour I kept the binocular fixed upon one window at a considerable distance. This is what my glasses disclosed to me:

During the earlier portion of Bracken's pantomime, almost as soon as he had entered the room, the figure of a man appeared at one of the highest windows within range. He had not looked many minutes when he sprang back and threw up his arms like one struck by a bullet. I could now see his face distinctly, for he stood fully in the light of his lamp and a little behind it. Although the distance was considerable, the expression was revealed. Presently he left the light and returned in a few seconds with some long slender thing in his hand. Standing well back in his room, so that only his head appeared above the window-sill, he pointed this long thing—a telescope—towards the next room. Then I knocked on the floor and in a brief space saw the telescope fall and his head disappeared. Bracken rejoined me, and we returned to the inn.

I now had no doubt as to the identity of the murderer, but I resolved upon applying a final test. I communicated my discovery and my intention to Bracken. He approved of the latter, and we arranged to put it to the test on the second night from the one of the pantomime.

At the appointed time the detective came. He again assumed the dress and wig, and I applied the color to his face; then with the cloak and hat worn on the previous night he was ready, with this addition that he had, at my suggestion, provided himself with a piece of wood and cord fashioned into a likeness of the instrument used in strangling the old man.

This night, instead of turning down the street at the back of the inn, we kept on to the right for about three hundred yards. The ground rose slightly as we went. We stopped at the door of a lofty building on the right-hand side. Telling

Bracken to keep his back to the door, I rang loudly.

In a few minutes the door was opened by a low-sized man. He had remarkably long, powerful arms. His head was so much thrust forward that one could not see his full face. A round hump stood between his shoulder-blades, explaining the peculiar carriage of the head. What could be seen of his face was thin and yellow, and in no way tended to counterbalance the defects of his figure. The moment the door was fully opened I stepped in, saying:

"I have come to see those rooms now. Can you show them to me? You remember, I was here to-day, and you said you required an order from the agent. This is the order. I told you I should not be able to come until about midnight."

He took the order, and read it by the light of the candle he carried.

"It's a most unreasonable time to come looking at rooms," he answered, sulkily, "but you can see them. You want to see all on the top floor?"

"Yes."

He closed the door, and I followed him down the spacious hall until we got to the foot of the stairs. Then I stopped suddenly and asked, "Will you allow a man who is with me to stand in while we go up?"

He gave a grumbling assent, and began slowly and ill-humoredly going up-stairs. I went to the door, admitted Bracken, and telling him to take a seat, followed my conductor.

The house was one of those enormous structures lately raised in the Holborn district. No one slept in it but this man, the caretaker. It was intended for offices, and many of the lower rooms had already been let. But the highest floor, the sixth, was still idle, and thither we were now going.

When we gained the summit, I began my inspection. I walked deliberately through all the front rooms, but did not pause in any of them. In the back there were five rooms, all of similar size. As we went through these I paused frequently and looked out of the windows. It was a clear, bright night. When we came to the last door he paused and said:

"That's my room. That's where I sleep. You do not want to see that. It's exactly the same as the others."

"I should like to see that room," I answered.

With elaborate reluctance he opened the door. I crossed the threshold and closed the door after me.

It was a square, white room, having one large window, without blind or curtain. The furniture consisted of three old wooden chairs, an iron bedstead, a small, square deal-table, and a little press. On the chimney-piece were a tobacco-jar, a match-box, a piece of looking-glass, a candlestick, a telescope which had seen much service, and a hammer. A lamp burned on the table.

To the undisguised annoyance and surprise of the hunchback, I took a seat, observing that it was a long way up. His astonishment deprived him of the power of speech. After a little while he moved to the side of the bed, sat down with a sigh, and uttered, in a tone of overtaxed patience, the monosyllable "Well!" Then he blew out the candle and resumed his stare.

"There's a good view from this window in the day-time?" I asked.

"You can see a bit."

"And a good view at night?"

"You can't see much in the dark."

"Oh! yes, you can, if there's light at the other end of the darkness, you know."

"Eh!" he cried, drawing himself up, and looking straight into my face with an expression of hatred paralyzed by fear.

"I was saying," I carelessly repeated, "that one can see a good distance through the dark, provided there is a light at the other end of the darkness."

"What has that to do with you taking a room here?" There was a dangerous glare in his eyes, and I thought I saw them fasten for a moment on the hammer, and I know he clinched his right hand fiercely.

"Not much," again carelessly, as I rose and went towards the window. He never moved anything but his eyes; I could feel them clinging to me like a wind. I went on as I looked into the night: "Why, I can see a great deal, although it is night. What strange things a man could see here with a glass!" I turned round and looked at the telescope on the mantel-piece. His eyes fled from me to the hammer. I crossed the room and returned to the window with the glass. I raised it and pointed it down. As I did so, I heard him stealthily cross the floor and saw him seize the hammer. Then he came close to me, holding the weapon in his right hand behind him.

"What can you see?" he whispered, half in fury, half in terror.

Keeping my eyes upon him, although affecting to follow the direction of the tube, I continued:

"I can see into several rooms of houses down there."

He retreated a pace, brought his right hand in front, settled his fingers on the handle, and then threw them round it with such force that the fingers grew deadly white.

"Well?" he whispered.

I went on:

"Ha! what have I now? An old man, miser evidently, sitting on the floor of a mean room. The board is raised. He is looking in the hole and running gold through his fingers."

A loud noise made me turn around. The hammer had fallen from his nerveless hand, his mouth was wide open, and his dilated eyes were glaring at me out of his yellow, terror-stricken face.

"Is it there again to-night?"

"Take the glass and look," I whispered, at the same moment tapping the floor with my foot.

He caught the telescope in his palsied hands, and, after ineffectual attempts to fix it, let it fall with a whine of agony, whispering:

"I can't see it to-night, but I did the other night."

As he staggered across the floor, he uttered a hideous yell of despair, and fell to the ground in-

sensible. He had seen the counterfeit of the old man standing at the open door holding out to him the instrument by which he had effected his crime.

ARTIFICIAL FISH-RAISING.

SHAD-HATCHING IN THE HUDSON RIVER.

THE sky, blue as Forget-me-not; the sunlight flashing through foliage of the daintiest green, a vertical bank of fragrance rising to the azure as though to caress it; a gray wall of rock, dotted with mosses and lichens and ferns; the brown plashing river; three snowy canvas marquees gayly decorated with bunting—and lo! this is what we see from the deck of the saucy little steam-launch *Dashaway*, which the "gentle courtesy" of its owner, Captain Sanders, through the kind interposition of General Dickerman, places at our disposal. We went forth from Gotham to "do" the shad-fishing, and a young May moon showered its liquid pearl upon us, as, on board the good ship *St. John*, we glided past the glories of the "Point," the Highlands, the Catskills, and the matchless scenery which lay dreaming in the silver beams of the chaste and gentle Dian.

CAMP GREEN.

A bright and breezy morning found us on board the *Dashaway*, and one hour from the dock at Albany brought us down the river past Castleton, and opposite the shad-camp of Mr. Monroe A. Green. Three whistles were energetically responded to by a waving of flags, and, after a few minutes of cautious steering, we enter a tiny inlet, and drop anchor within twenty feet of the camp.

A flat-bottomed skiff bore us to a golden strand flecked with glistening pebbles, where Mr. Green, as goodly a specimen of muscular Christianity as ever satisfied our eyes, tendered us the right hand of welcome, graciously making us free of the guild. Here we were also most courteously received by Mr. Delevan Peck, chairman of the Albany Railroad, who, with his amiable and accomplished wife, had run down in his steam-launch to inhale the freshness of the buds of May by the side of the lordly river. The camp consists of three marquees set up upon a shelf of beach, beneath a superb rampart of forest foliage, opposite a beautiful little inlet, its mirror-like water locked in the embraces of wooded heights, and wooded by an island fit for a Lilliputian Alexander Selkirk. In front of each marquee is an extensive awning supported by poles, each pole decorated with a saucy "bit o' the Stars and Stripes." By the side of the first snowy domicile runs a rudely constructed wooden railing, upon which hang, in graceful profusion, such useful implements as frying pans, broilers, dippers, and those needful impedimenta without which even a Soyer or a Brillat Savarin would find himself at fault. A very prominent object is a wooden box, perched high in air with the word "soap" inscribed in bold letters in front of it, and beside the box a looking-glass hung up as were the brazen shields before the entrances to the tents of the Greeks around the walls of Troy.

Marquee No. 1 is devoted to the shad-raisers and the canning devices appertaining to their craft. Boats, nets, oiled skins, lanterns, boxes, cans, carpenters' tools, barometers, *et hoc genus omne*. Marquee No. 2 is fitted up as a sleeping-apartment, with four double bunks on the right, and a pile of Saratoga trunks on the left, in addition to which is an improvised desk, as valuable in its roughness as an Eastlake in ebony, with lych clasps. The third marquee—the general reception-room—is boarded, with a veranda in front, and proudly boasts a goodly array of comfortable and substantial furniture. As we slept like dormice in the two beds situated at the back of this oasis in the wilderness, it would be singularly unbecoming if we omitted to mention them in terms of grateful recognition. The cooking is done on hickory-ashes, the pots and kettles being suspended upon a cross bough depending upon the forks of two upright branches inserted in the sand, and *entre nous*, shad broiled on hickory-ashes fairly whips the salmon cutlets one so willingly devours from the arbutus broilers on the island of sweet Innisfallen, at Killarney. We have tried both, and "vote solid" on the shad.

THE HATCHING-BOX.

The first object in connection with the special purpose of our visit that meets our eye is a "Horton Hatching-Box." But before describing the results obtained through the untiring energy and careful experimentalization of Mr. Green, it will be necessary to touch upon the cause before the effect, to begin at the very beginning. The camp on the Hudson is pitched upon the 18th of May in each year, and struck on the 1st day of July, as the weeds become so dense as to preclude the possibility of fishing. An appropriation being made by the State for the purpose of fish-hatching, a portion of it is applied to the raising of shad, and it is with this "item in the estimates" that we have to deal.

Mr. Green, during his studies of the habits of the finny tribe, discovered that the male and female shad during spawning time invariably swam close together, the female exuding the *ova*, or spawn, or eggs, the male emitting a whitish fluid, the milt. It struck Mr. Green that this action on the part of the male impregnated the eggs, and he resolved to test it mechanically. His first effort, on the Hudson, was a failure; his second, on the Connecticut, a success. In addition to his difficulties as a pisciculturist, he had to contend against the fierce hostility of the fishermen, who, combining in force, rose against him to a man, until he was compelled to protect his nets and his boxes, almost as he would his life. He again turned to his first love, and thirteen years ago pitched his tent by the Hudson. At that date a shad cost a dollar and was but within the reach of the gilded few; to-day the same fish can be purchased at twenty cents, and is a staple article with the laboring poor. Of a verity this is a revolution!

The sun had set, and night was upon hill and hollow and river, as we set forth with Mr. Green and his merry men to fish for shad. The staff consists of three "experts," a cook and six ordinary fishermen. The fishing is done by a seine or bag-net, and is carried on within half a mile of the camp. The net used by Mr. Green is 95 fathoms long and 25 feet deep.

A HAUL OF RIPE SHAD.

"The 'ripe' fish come up at night," said Mr. Green. "In my experience of thirteen years I caught but two ripe fish in the daylight. Any fishing that's to be done should be undertaken between sundown and 1 A. M." Arrived at our fishing ground, by the shimmer of the moon and the garish light of oil-lamps we saw the nets set, and then—the tug of war. When the line had been hauled in a certain distance, speed became absolutely essential from the nature of the seine, and, fastening

the end of the rope to a windlass, never before did we behold such a merry go-round as was performed by those agile fishermen while winding in the net. It was a mad whirl, a fierce chase, one after the other, and a skipping-rope performance over the creaking line, that would have brought tears of envy into the pretty eyes of a boarding-school miss. When the seine was hauled in to a given point, two men in india-rubber boots to the hips plunged into the water and hauled the centre of the seine, while two more pulled on the outer ropes. The boat now came alongside the river-side of the bag of the seine, wherein we could distinguish the unhappy captives making frantic plunges for dear life. Mr. Green was seated in the boat, a man holding a lamp over him, shedding a lurid light; beside him on the seat a round tin vessel about four inches deep; in the water an expert, and surrounding the bag of the seine the bizarre forms of the fishermen, in costumes that would insure the success of an opera bouffe, and, out in the dreary distance, the swiftly flowing waters of the silver gray river.

EXPRESSING THE SPAWN.

Everything being in readiness, Mr. Green called out, "A female," whereupon the expert in the water plunged his hands amongst the bewildered fishes, and, firmly grasping the required "article," handed it to Mr. Green. This gentleman having cast a short, sharp glance at it, seized it by the head and shoulders in his left hand, while with his right he pressed the stomach—which was turned towards the light—running his hand along its entire length, causing the spawn to spurt forth into the tin vessel. He then flung the fish behind him into a special compartment of the boat. "A male!" cried Mr. Green, and again the expert bringing his piscatorial knowledge into play, landed a wriggling male shad which was instantly subjected to a similar process as its female predecessor—its milt being pressed into the same vessel with the spawn. Then Mr. Green took up the tin pan and shook it slowly and gently from side to side mixing the generative issues of both fish. Very few unripe fish came to hand. After three hauls, the last of which was made at midnight, the fishing ceased. The process of incubation shall now be described. When the tin pans receive the *ovæ* they are placed in a row and the washing commences. River water is poured into each pan, the pan being gently agitated the while and added to through the medium of a can for about half an hour, and until the milky cloudiness yields to clear water, the eggs settling at the bottom of the vessel. An egg that fails to become impregnated is termed a "ringer," from a ring that appears in its surface. Non-impregnated eggs are small, while those which are impregnated swell considerably. Eggs to the number of 60,000 have been obtained from a single fish, but the run is from 15,000 upwards, the average being 25,000.

MANIPULATING THE EGGS.

The eggs, after impregnation and washing, are removed from the tin pans into hatching-boxes. Each box is 21 inches long, 13 inches wide and 10 inches deep. It is open at top, a gauze tarred screen at the bottom, twenty-five meshes to the square inch. The boxes, having been filled with eggs, are then launched into the waters of the inlet in gangs of six each, and moored in mid-stream. Each box is provided with a float, placed at an angle of 45°, this in order to permit the water to enter at the zinc bottom and to keep the eggs gently in motion. The temperature of the water is taken twice a day, and a record kept. On the occasion of our visit it was 76°, and at 76° the eggs will be hatched in three days. Pushing off in a flat-bottomed scow, we were conveyed alongside the gang. The first set of boxes contained the eggs, which were white and about the size of sage ore it is committed to culinary process. In the second gang, which had been longer in the water, the eggs were like bright glass beads, the form of the fish being distinctly discernible. The third gang showed us the fish about half an inch long, resembling glass pins with glass heads. This *acque*, which is situated a little to the right of the infant shad, contains nutritive matter that lasts for ten days, so that in the passage of the youthful navigator up the river, where it remains for one year, there is not the least fear of his perishing for lack of sustenance. The male returns from the ocean after an absence of three years, the female in two years. It is singularly gratifying to be enabled to state that from 95 to 99 per cent. of the eggs are incubated by Mr. Green's simple, yet all effective, process, while no less than 15,000,000 of eggs were hatched last year. In one night's fishing alone 450,000 eggs were procured. This minute calculation of the number of eggs is arrived at by a measuring gauge attached to the boxes, each square inch of box containing so many thousand eggs.

Mr. Green is about to experimentize with a Holton hatching-box, by the use of which he hopes to do away with the boxes in the river, as in many streams there are no currents. It is already set up and presents a somewhat formidable appearance. It consists of four hatching-trays and four receiving boxes, 16½ inches square by 16 deep, and a round bottom 7 inches deep. The river-water is pumped into a gigantic receiver, and perpetually flows from tray to box, maintaining that gentle current so vitally necessary to the process of incubation. This apparatus, it is calculated, will hatch 800,000 eggs every three days, and will be kept at work all the time. Mr. Green shipped 12,000 brook-trout eggs to Paris, where they were hatched, proving a splendid success. He has also lately transmitted to Lord Burleigh, in England, the *ovæ* of salmon-trout, brook-trout and white fish. They have been forwarded in a traveling box, the invention of Mr. Green. This safety conductor is 14 inches high by 13 inches broad on the inside, which is fitted up with 13 trays 7½ inches deep, with cotton-flannel bottoms to each tray. He has kept eggs for fifty-six days dry, then hatching them. Eggs demand plenty of water, or no water, and if kept any length of time in the box, require to be dampened. Each of Mr. Green's traveling boxes is capable of carrying 75,000 eggs. A splendid work has been ably and bravely done; and when we come to consider what has already been achieved in egg-hatching, may we not cheerfully look forward in the near future to the choicest fish as coming within reach of the poorest bread-winners amongst us.

French Shipping.

A SERIES of papers recently devoted to the consideration of the French shipping trade, gives some statistics, showing the position of the mercantile marine of France in the first nine months of the past year. Up to September 30th, 1877, while a total of 15,987 foreign vessels, with a gross tonnage of 4,264,594 tons, were entered inwards into French ports, 7,309 French vessels, of 2,034,778 tons, were cleared in the same time. The vessels cleared outwards in the same period were 11,495 foreign and 6,009 French, with a gross tonnage respectively of

2,414,368 and 1,869,014 tons. These figures show a considerable falling off in the trade carried on in French bottoms, as compared with the first three quarters of 1875 and 1876, while the number and tonnage, of foreign vessels, both outwards and inwards have increased. The total trade of France, as represented in the movements of shipping under all flags, in the first nine months of 1877, was as follows: 40,800 ships carrying 10,842,754 tons; against 41,048 ships and 10,506,128 tons in 1876, and 41,656 ships and 10,227,675 tons in 1875. These figures have called forth the following ironical remarks in the French journal from which they are quoted:—"Our sailors are suffering, while 27,000 foreign vessels come in search of our produce, or bringing goods which French consumers buy with their gold. Trade contributes nothing to the revenue, but it pays the English merchants; it fosters British speculation; it enriches the Norwegian, who does not even take from us our spirits; it furnishes models to the German and opens markets which will make the fortune of German trade at the expense of our own."

The Romance of Literary Discovery.

TO THE merest accidents have we been indebted for the preservation of volumes which are justly considered to rank among the most precious relics of literature; and not less remarkable than the discoveries themselves, is the fact that they have often been made at a time when further delay would have made them impossible. This has been particularly noticeable in regard to the remains of classical literature. In a dungeon at the monastery of St. Gall, Poggio found, corroded with damp and covered with filth, the great work of Quintilian. In Westphalia a monk stumbled accidentally on the only manuscript of Tacitus, and to that accident we owe the writings of an historian who has had more influence, perhaps, on modern prose literature than any ancient writer, with the solitary exception of Cicero. The poems of Propertius, one of the most vigorous and original of the Roman poets, were found under the casks in a wine-cellar. In a few months the manuscript would have crumbled to pieces and become completely illegible. Parts of Homer have come to light in the most extraordinary way. A considerable portion of the "Iliad," for instance, was found in the hand of a mummy. The best of the Greek romances, the "Ethiopics," of Heliodorus, which was such a favorite with Mrs. Browning, was rescued by a common soldier, who found it kicking about the streets of a town in Hungary. To turn, however, to more modern times. Everybody knows how Sir Robert Cotton rescued the original manuscript of Magna Charta from the hands of a common tailor, who was cutting it up for measures. The valuable Thurlow State papers were brought to light by the tumbling in of the ceiling of some chambers in Lincoln's Inn. The charming letters of Lady Mary Montague, which have long taken their place among English classics, were found in the false bottom of an old trunk; and in the secret drawer of a chest the curious manuscripts of Dr. Dee lurked unsuspected for years. One of the most singular discoveries of this kind was the recovery of that delightful volume, Luther's "Table Talk." A gentleman in 1628 had occasion to build upon the old foundation of a house. When the workmen were engaged in digging they found "lying in a deep, obscure hole, wrapped in strong lines cloth, which was waxed all over with beeswax within and without," this interesting work, which had lain concealed ever since its suppression by Pope Gregory XIII. We are told that one of the cantos of Dante's "Paradiso," which had long been mislaid, was drawn from its lurking-place (it had slipped beneath the window-sill) in consequence of an infirmation received in a dream. One of the most interesting of Milton's prose works—the essay on the Doctrines of Christianity—was unearthed from the midst of a bundle of dispatches by a Mr. Lemon, deputy keeper of the State papers, in 1823. How the manuscript could have found its way into such uncongenial company remains a mystery to the present day. As years roll on, and curiosity is more and more awakened, such discoveries must become rarer; but probably many precious documents are still lurking in unsuspected corners, and not a few literary discoveries remain even now to be made, which will, when made, immortalize the discoverer.

The National Observatory.

We find the following brief description of this institution in a late number of the Oakland (Cal.) Times: "A trestled staging on wheels moves around the walls of the telescope-room in the National Observatory, and a sliding seat, that can be run up to the roof and down to the floor, gives them an advantage, at whatever elevation their object may be. No pleasanter occupation for a stargazer could be found than to sit up in the armchair and look through the largest telescope in the world. The instrument cost \$40,000 in all; the great glass at the end, six inches thick and twenty-eight inches in diameter, cost \$20,000 by itself. The glass was melted and cast by that celebrated firm in Paris that has such a long name, and ground and polished at Cambridge, Massachusetts. It consists of one piece of ground glass and one of greenish flint glass, closely joined together, and the polish of its surface is most perfect. The great steel tube is nearly twenty feet long, the large glass at one end, and a combination of small but powerful lenses at the eye-piece. The balance of the great instrument is so exact that it swings obedient to the slightest touch. A clockwork arrangement moves it with the object it is appointed, so that having once set it towards the moon the telescope will follow it in its triumph across the heavens from horizon to horizon.

The clouds nebula in Orion, through it, was resolved into four bright-colored stars forming a square, three smaller ones in the same position as the larger one in the belt of Orion, and an infinity of small lights and pin-points in a vista of millions of miles. The double star in Castor was flashing and burning with its bright orange and purple fires, and great Sirius, the dog star, was a globe of golden orange light, so beautiful that one could believe this gold star to be a window of heaven. Aldebran, the bright star of Orion's shoulder, was a bright red lantern hung in the sky, and the elusive pole star was a cold, shivering twinkler off by itself. Down below was shown the delicate transit instrument, across whose spider webs the passage of sun, star and asteroids are watched, the latter most accurately, for the use of surveyors and navigators, who take their bearings from them. The sidereal clock, which keeps infallible time, is shut up in a metallic-lined vault, and a roaring fire is kept going Winter and Summer to keep it always free from dampness and at one temperature. The pendulum of this perfect timepiece swings over a ball of mercury

and at each stroke a spark flashes and is responded to by the click of a telegraph instrument in a far-away room. By this accurate stroke of seconds every clock and chronometer in the building is regulated.

The chronometer room contains over fifty timepieces in wooden cases. These have been sent from the makers here, and after being kept a year with every variation recorded and extremes of temperature applied to them, they are ready to be taken on board men-of-war and government vessels. At high noon every day, just the second the sun crosses the line, a black ball is let down from the top of the high, white dome of the Observatory, and by this signal the citizens set their clocks and watches to ball time, as it is called.

Promising Children.

THE question is often pertinently asked, "What becomes of all the promising children?" but it is seldom that a satisfactory answer is forthcoming. It does appear strange that so many boys and girls who astonish us by their bright sayings, by their early proficiency, by their acute perceptions, and even by their profundity of thought, should grow up into very ordinary men and women, distinguished for nothing in particular, and certainly fulfilling none of the promises which their early youth so plentifully afforded. Of course, no single cause is sufficient to explain this phenomenon, but among those which combine to produce it, none is more conducive than the general lack of power to render the faculties obedient to the will. When this power is feeble the most brilliant parts, the most fertile imagination, the most keen perceptions, the greatest fluency of language, will not save their possessor from finally sinking into insignificance. For a time these qualities will sparkle on the surface and dazzle many eyes. In childhood, especially, where we do not expect any great strength of will or power of concentration, we are strongly attracted by the marks of what we fondly call genius, and look forward with happy assurance to the time when they will develop into manly and womanly superiority. But when life's exigencies arrive, and the demand is made for accurate knowledge, sound judgment, and steady purpose, these hopes are often sadly disappointed; the lustre which illuminated childhood has faded, and the power which should support manhood does not take its place.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Opening of the Paris Exhibition, May 1st.

The Paris Exhibition was opened on Wednesday, May 1st, according to the published programme, the exercises passing off pleasantly, despite showers of rain. The whole city was decked in holiday attire, banners and draperies being displayed in every direction during the day; the illuminations after nightfall were very general, and, in many instances, of the most brilliant description. Shortly before two o'clock the Prince of Wales, wearing a field-marshal's uniform, the Crown Prince of Denmark, Don Francisco d'Assisi of Spain, the Duke of Aosta, Prince Henry of Holland and the Grand Duke of Leuchtenberg arrived at the Reception Hall of the Trocadero, which was handsomely decorated with Gobelin tapestry and other treasures from the old Crown Mobilier. Here, too, were assembled the foreign ambassadors, the high functionaries and the senators and deputies, and as soon as Marshal MacMahon arrived a move was made to the platform on the garden front of the building, immediately above the great cascade. Here the Marshal was ceremoniously greeted by M. Teisserenc de Bort, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, who read an address, at the close of which the Marshal stepped forward, and, in a loud voice, proclaimed "L'Exposition est ouverte," at the same moment the guns of the distant forts were heard firing a salute, the waters of the magnificent cascade and fountains began to flow, the band of the Garde Republicaine struck up Gounod's "Vive la France." After this the procession was formed. First went the Prefect of the Seine and the Prefect of Police, followed by Huissiers; next came Marshal MacMahon, having the Prince of Wales on one hand and Don Francisco d'Assisi on the other. After them walked a crowd of Princes and Grand Dukes, among them being the Duke of Aosta, the Prince of the Netherlands, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and the Grand Duke of Leuchtenberg, representing the Emperor of Russia. Descending the steps on the Passy side, the cortege passed on the right of the fountain of the Bridge of Jena, across which it passed to the vestibule of the Champ de Mars Palace, where the Marshal and his guests halted, while, amid torrents of rain, the various Commissioners, in every variety of national costume, hurried forward to their respective sections, in order to be ready to receive the Marshal. Presently the Marshal and his suite again moved forward along the "Avenue of Foreign Nations," pausing at each section to congratulate the Commissioners. At the American section a squad of sailors from the United States vessels at Havre were drawn up on the left of the entrance, commanded by Ensign Young, of the Constitution. On the right of the facade were thirty marines, under Lieutenants Russell and Zellin. Governor McCormick, the Chief Commissioner of the United States, attended by the Assistant Commissioners and *attachés*, stood in front of the entrance. President MacMahon was attracted by the bearing of the American sailors, inquired concerning the service and vessels to which they belonged, and expressed gratification at their appearance. M. Berger, Director of the foreign sections, presented Governor McCormick to President MacMahon, who stood several minutes in conversation with him, longer, in fact, than at any other section. The marines and employés cheered heartily as the procession moved on. A numerous company of American ladies witnessed the procession from the American facade, and joined in courtesies to the President. The Marshal afterwards passed through the Salle de Travail, and several of the French industrial sections, and finally quitted the palace by the Porte Rapp, amid loud cries of "Vive la République!" The foreign princes were all escorted to their hotels by detachments of cavalry. What is known as the Prince of Wales's Pavilion will be used for business purposes by the Prince and the British Commissioners. The outer walls are constructed of wooden framework, filled in with decorative plaster panels, and the building comprises a large dining room, with a boudoir for the Princess, and a private sitting-room for the Prince, besides several other apartments on the upper floor. The walls of the dining room are ornamented in mosaic woodwork and tapestry, depicting episodes in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," whilst over the fireplace is a tapestry portrait of Her Majesty the Queen. This work comes from the Royal Windsor Tapestry Manufactory, whilst the needlework in the drawing-room is supplied by the Royal School of Art, and that in the morning-room by the Ladies' Work Society.

The Wellington Monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

The Wellington monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is considered the finest design, combining architecture and sculpture, which Great Britain has yet produced. The sarcophagus, on which the great effigy of the Duke rests, is, like the balance of the work, of

white marble; but the frieze of cherubs' heads, the ceiling of the canopy, the shields, military trophies and other ornamental and decorative portions are of bronze. Truth sits at the west end of the canopy, plucking out the tongue of Falsehood, while Valor, holding a club and shield, and thrusting beneath her feet a crouching male figure which embodies the idea of Cowardice, sits at the eastern end. The chapel is 57 feet long by 25 feet wide; and the monument itself, which was begun twenty years ago, is about 30 feet in height, exclusive of the crowning equestrian figure, which is shown in the illustration, but which was finally dispensed with as being inconsistent with the sanctity of a cathedral. This monument has cost in production and erection about \$150,000. It was designed by the late Alfred George Stevens, sculptor, who died working upon it three years ago.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A new order prohibits British naval officers from writing letters to newspapers.

—A BENEDICTINE monastery will soon be dedicated on Skidaway Island, near Savannah.

—THERE will be a chorus of 500 singers at the celebration at Valley Forge, Pa., on the 10th of June.

—THE French Government will not allow any Workingmen's Congress to assemble at Paris during the period of the Exposition.

—THE Parisian Gas Company made \$5,805,000 last year. After handing \$1,670,000 over to the city, it declared a dividend of 24½ per cent.

—DAYTON, O., aspires to renown by announcing that sixteen of the young lady teachers in the city schools are to be married during the Summer.

—It has been proposed to the Khédive of Egypt to convert into paper the cloth of the mummies, of which it is calculated 420,000,000 must be deposited in the pits of Egypt.

—NORWAY has some curious exhibits at Paris. She has fish-skins tanned for gloves, seal-skins prepared for harness, and whale-skins, sixty feet long, for driving-bands for machinery.

—THE ladies of St. Petersburg, prompted and headed by the Grand Duchess Michaelovna, have formed a society for procuring artificial legs and arms for the Russian soldiers who have lost limbs in battle.

—A BALTIMORE man has been arrested for playing ghost by dancing around at night on the tops of houses in his night-shirt, his object being to depreciate property in his neighborhood so that he could buy it cheap.

—DURING the past two months agents of the British Government have purchased upward of 3,000 horses in the farming districts of the northern part of Vermont and New York. The horses are evidently selected for cavalry duties.

—EIGHT hundred brewers, representing a capital of over \$100,000,000, will meet in Baltimore at the Brewers' Congress, on June 4th. As Baltimore has forty breweries, the malt masters will probably not suffer very much for the want of their favorite beverage.

—THE American Sunday-school Union celebrated its fifty-fourth anniversary in Philadelphia, May 21st. Ten thousand Bibles and Testaments have been distributed, 1,147 new schools established, and 3,355 other schools, having 23,066 teachers and 201,000 scholars visited during the past year.

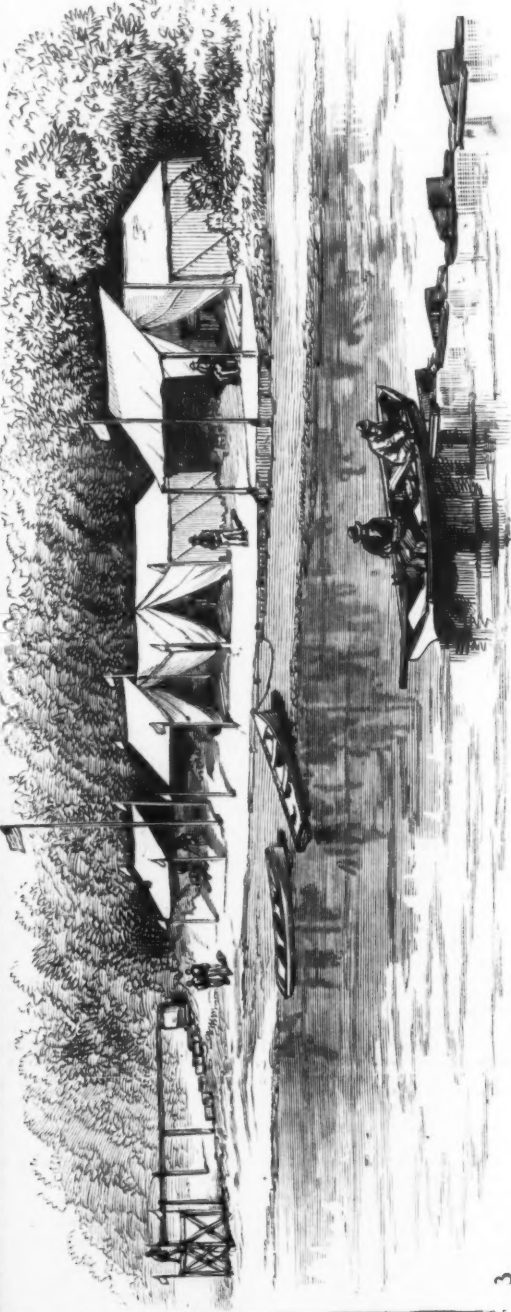
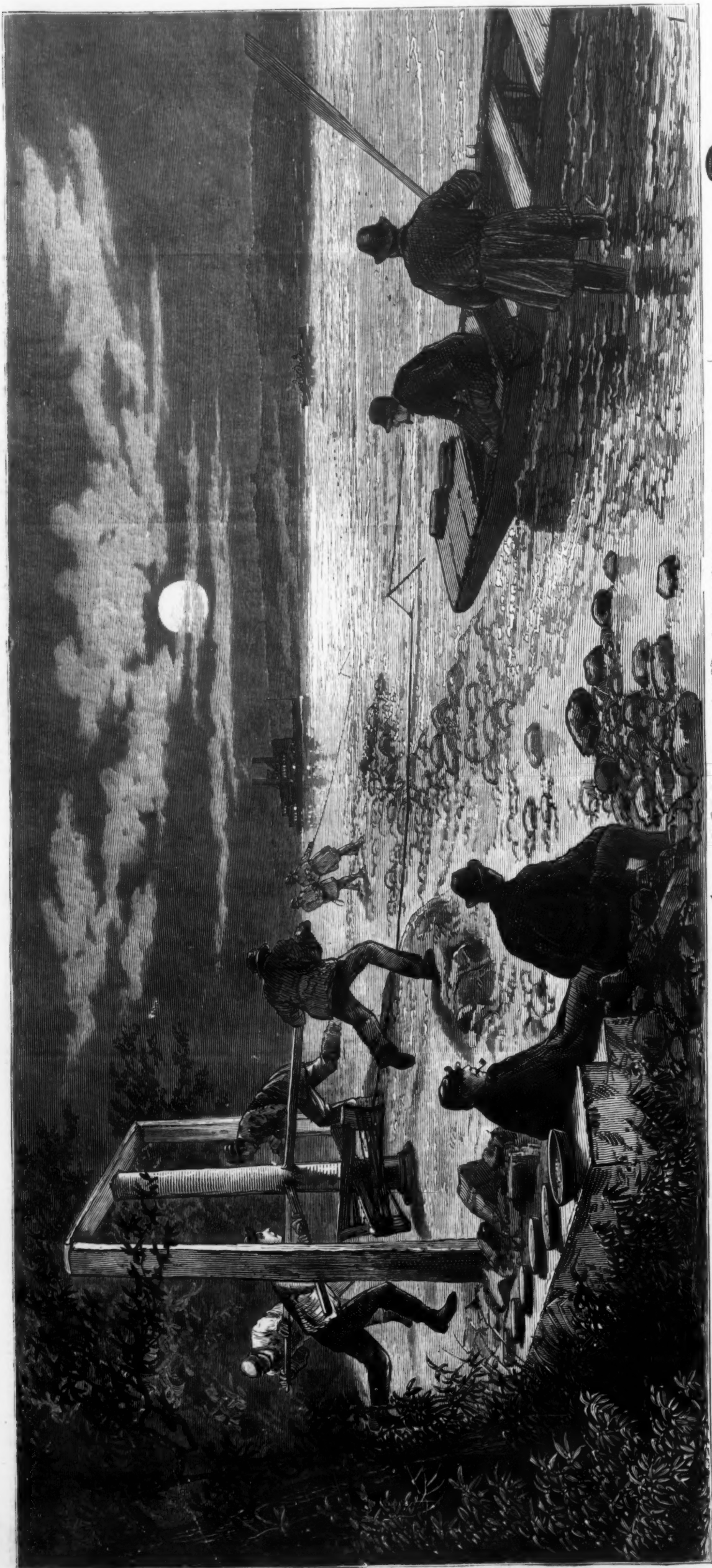
—DURING the recent earthquake at Venezuela the town of Cua was completely destroyed by the heavy shocks, and all the surrounding plantations and settlements shared the same fate. Before and during the convulsion the heat over the districts visited became intense, and rivers became so hot that the fish leaped out of the water.

—RUSSIA has under way or finished one hundred steel torpedo boats. These boats are seventy-five feet long, ten feet in breadth, with a draft of five feet. They are to be provided with engines capable of making twenty-five miles per hour. There are to be three torpedo poles of hollow steel for each boat. The torpedo will consist of steel or copper cases, containing forty or fifty pounds of dynamite, sufficient, it is claimed, to sink any ironclad ship now afloat.

—CHICAGO elevators, as per official returns of May 21st, contained 587,664 bushels of wheat, 812,678 bushels of corn, 141,542 bushels of oats, 35,474 bushels of rye, and 314,191 bushels of barley, making a grand total of 1,891,549 bushels, against 1,530,432 bushels one week previous, and 6,212,229 bushels at this period a year ago. Milwaukee warehouses were stored with 566,459 bushels of wheat, 31,515 bushels of corn, 67,256 bushels of oats, 18,910 bushels of rye, and 366,933 bushels of barley.

—AN extraordinary scene recently occurred in a Methodist chapel in Hanley, England. An old man of seventy, with several grown-up children and grandchildren, had arranged to be married to a girl of eighteen, but when the party arrived at the church they were attacked by a large mob and their clothing badly torn. Ten policemen in vain attempted to preserve order, and the mob rushed into the chapel, accompanying the ceremony with continuous howlings and unseemly noises. The married pair finally escaped by different doors, and eight constables conducted them home.

—WHITEBAIT has awakened on Manhattan Beach, and finds itself famous. No longer shall the sons of the Stars and Stripes remain in blissful ignorance as to the delicate and special taste of that tiny little fish which their cousins devour by the million at that good old English hotel, The Ship, at Greenwich, whither even Victoria's exhausted Cabinet Ministers repair to wind up the season by a whitebait banquet. No—whitebait is now what Artemus Ward calls a "fixed fact," and those who enjoyed the hospitalities on the occasion of the opening of Manhattan Beach, on the 15th inst., will, like unto Oliver Twist, immediately set up a cry of "more." A party of journalists was taken from Pier No. 8 in the morning, and landed on the Long Island shore after a brief sail up the East River. A special train on the new track of the Manhattan Beach Railroad was then boarded, and in twenty minutes more the Manhattan Beach Hotel was reached, where a goodly welcome awaited the invited representatives of journalism. The banquet was a splendid success, the *piece de résistance* being the whitebait. This dainty little fish is about the size of a small minnow, and comes up to table crisp and shriveled-looking. It is eaten, body and bones, with brown bread. A squeeze of lemon is considered the correct thing, while to those who have hard mouths a dash of cayenne will correct the tone to a nicety. The whitebait was served, in this its first appearance amongst us, by the courtesy of Mr. E. G. Blachford, of Fulton Market. The banquet was most enjoyable, and the guests enthusiastic in praise of "everything all round," including the new departure in fish. The company now offers two routes to the Island, one by way of Bay Ridge, the other via Hunter's Point, and it will soon have a third. Many improvements have been made in and about the hotel, one of the best of which is a fine collection of evergreens in the piazza between the hotel and the surf. The Manhattan Beach Hotel is now open for the season, and the Manhattan Beach Railroad trains are running.



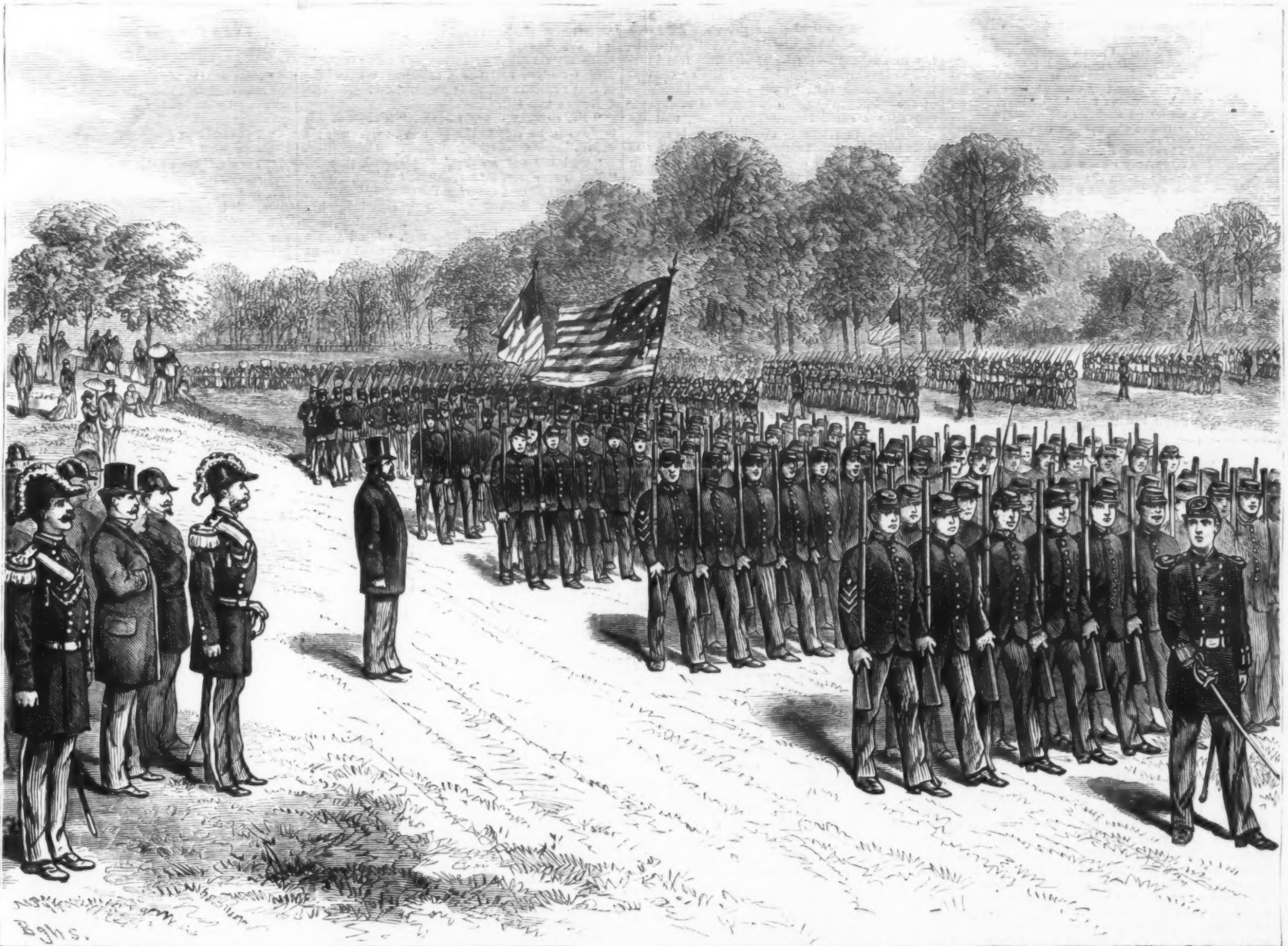
4. Nursing Shad Spawn.

3. General view of Camp Green, the Shad fishers' headquarters, ten miles below Albany.

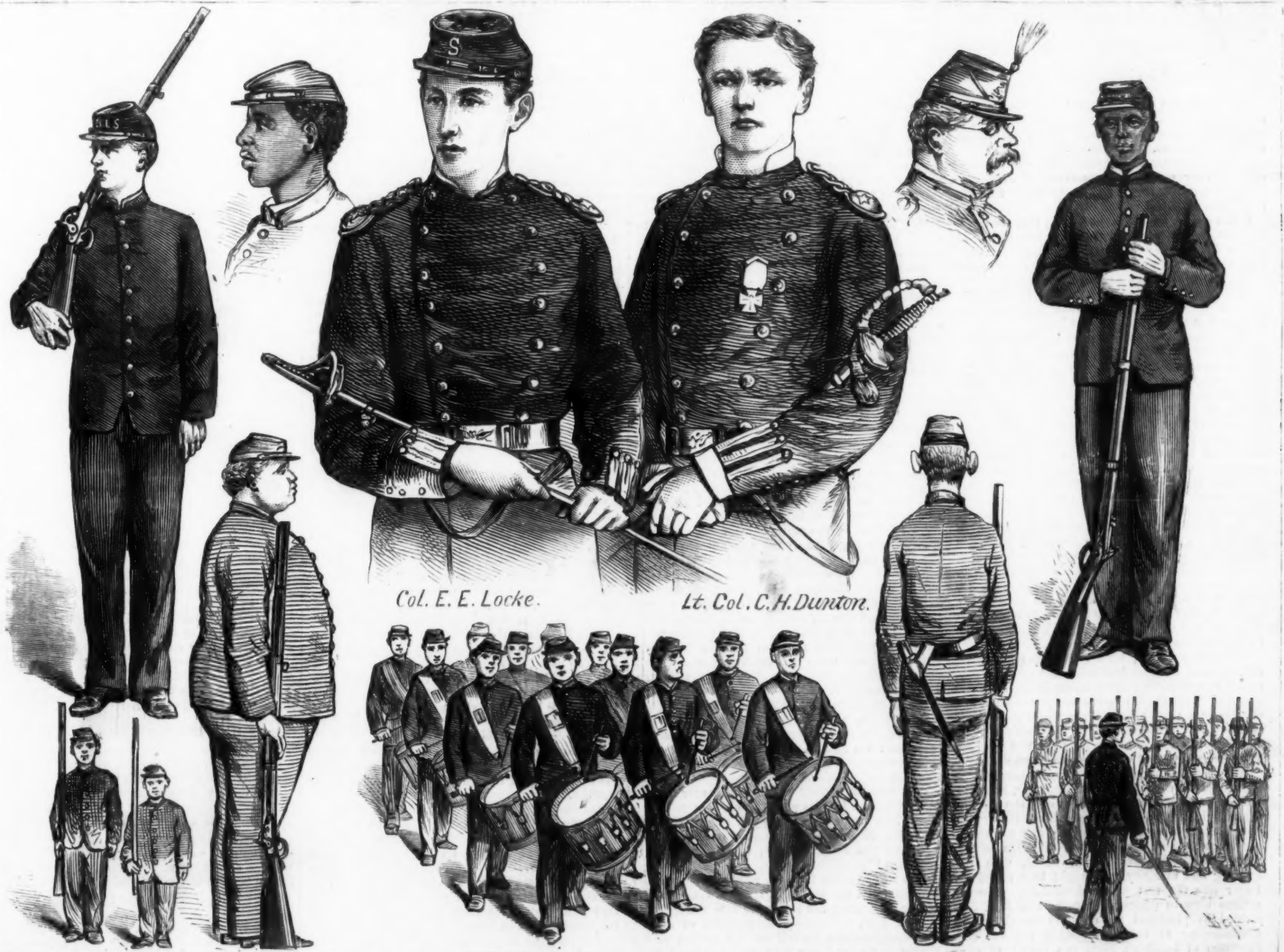
2. Preventing escape of Shad from net.

1. Fishermen, near Castleton, hauling a net for the capture of Roe Shad.

NEW YORK.—THE ARTIFICIAL PROPAGATION OF FISH—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF GOVERNMENT SHAD-FISHERY ON THE HUDSON RIVER.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—See Page 234.



THE REVIEW OF THE REGIMENT ON THE COMMON AFTER THE PARADE.



Col. E. E. Locke.

Lt. Col. C. H. Dunton.

CHARACTER SKETCHES OF THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE BOSTON SCHOOL REGIMENT.

LOST LOVE.

THE heart of the simplest woman
Is a mystery unrevealed,
And the love that seems most transparent
Is most hopelessly concealed.

We care not for love while we have it,
We know not of love till 'tis lost;
We scatter its treasures broad-handed,
Nor reckon the ultimate cost.

Lo! a hand comes forth from the shadows—
A touch that I knew of old—
That could crown the gloomiest fancies
With an aureole of gold.

And I think how that hand, so loving,
That craved but to lie in mine,
Of met an impatient gesture,
Or found no responsive sign.

And from yonder painted canvas
I catch the old, wistful look,
So timidly, mutely jealous
Of the love that I gave my book.

And I only too well remember
How I chafed at the dumb reproach,
And swore that no thought of woman
Should on my pursuits encroach.

Was I blind, or mad, or but heartless?
The face and the hand are gone,
The light of my life has vanished,
I am utterly alone.

The brain that he glances kindled
Is blighted and dead and chilled,
And the gorgeous dreams of the future
Can never more be fulfilled.

I loved as a man who is selfish;
She loved in a woman's way;
And man's love compared with woman's
Is as darkness unto day.

As a spendthrift scatters his birthright,
I wasted the dower she gave,
And, too late, I find my ambition
Has followed her into the grave.

ROY'S WIFE.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHAPTER I.—MRS. MOPUS.

"WHO is Mrs. Mopus?" But there came no answer to his question, for already the rubbers had been lost and won; the carriages were announced. A table was set out with brandy, seltzer, ice, lemons and cold water, the modern substitute for stirrup-cups of former days; and Lord Fitzowen's hostess was too much engrossed with the ceremonies of leaving-taking to spare him any further attention. Nevertheless, when it came to his turn to wish her good-night, she gave him her hand with such marked cordiality as to excite the observation even of Mr. Roy.

"How do you like our friend Fitz, Nelly?" asked her husband, yawning his way up-stairs. "You had every opportunity to-night of forming an opinion."

"I think him very nice," answered Nelly, with a bright smile.

"Most women do," he replied, dryly, and shut his door.

Almost at the same moment, in the obscurity of a closed landau, Miss Bruce asked Lord Fitzowen the same question about Mrs. Roy. Fitz did not respond quite so frankly.

"Wants knowing, I should say," was his verdict. "Very quiet, very reserved. A character like my own, I think. Born to blush unseen, and bloom brightest in the shade."

"You ought to blush unseen in that corner," laughed Hester, "for being such a humbug! If you're both so shy and reserved, Lord Fitz, perhaps you will tell me what you found to talk about for a good hour in the conservatory?"

But Lord Fitz made no answer. He was still ruminating on the last question he asked his hostess, "Who is Mrs. Mopus?"

Mrs. Mopus was neither more nor less than the housekeeper at Royston Grange, and in that capacity regarded John Roy's new wife with no small amount of jealousy and ill-will. So long as her master remained a bachelor, visiting his home, at long intervals, to bring with him a household of bachelors like himself, with their valets, she found the situation exceedingly to her taste. In his absence, she was an independent sovereign; when he came back, a lady patroness, presiding over an agreeable little circle of gentlemen's gentlemen, with whom her word was law, particularly at supper-time.

She had great opportunities for peculation, of which she availed herself moderately, but with scrupulous regularity; could engage or discharge housemaids, laundry-maids and kitchen-maids at will; won a series of triumphs over the successive cooks who came and went like the slides of a magic lantern; and after a protracted contest with the Scotch gardener, found herself unquestioned mistress of Royston Grange.

She was a widow, with one good-for-nothing son, alive or dead in Australia, of whom she possessed no other memento than an ill-looking photograph. Energetic, resolute and persevering, had she been ten years younger, she would surely have tried to marry Mr. Roy; but the looking-glass told her such a scheme was hopeless, and she gave it up almost as soon as it crossed her mind.

When she learned he was going to take a wife, she respectfully tendered her resignation, knowing well it would not be accepted. John Roy (so like a man!) hating all trouble of a domestic nature, begged her, of course, to remain, and for a time she speculated on the chance of his bride being a young, inexperienced woman, whom, with her cunning and audacity, she might turn round her finger like the rest of the household. It was a serious blow to discover that the new Mrs. Roy seemed as practiced an adept in the science of housekeeping as herself, knowing the due consumption of butcher's meat to a pound, of coals and sugar to a lump, that she would no more submit to stealthy pilfering than to open robbery,

and was resolved, in accordance with one of the first instincts of womanhood, to be mistress in her own house.

Mrs. Mopus did not yield without a struggle, but in the very first trial of strength found herself so ignominiously defeated, less by Nelly's quiet dignity of manner than by her intimate knowledge of the subject in question (a supply of sand-paper and soap for the housemaid's closet), that she determined in future to avoid coming to conclusions with her new mistress, preferring rather to watch and wait till opportunity offered, and then do her worst turn that lay in her power.

She had no little knowledge of the world and its ways. John Roy, who took her from a recommendation, and not a character, was quite satisfied with her own account of how the intervening time—some seven or eight years—had been spent since she left her last situation. She professed to have been in business as a fancy stationer, and to have failed—of course through the rascality of an agent; but the valet of one of Mr. Roy's shooting friends could have told him a different story. She had been keeping a small public-house of no good repute near Croydon, which this worthy frequented when attending certain suburban steepchases, where he was in the habit of wagering freely with his late master's money. He prided himself, however, on being no less a man of honor than a man of the world, and gave her to understand, doubtless for some practical equivalent, that he had no intention of showing her up. Still, she felt that her position was insecure, her tenure uncertain, more so than ever since the arrival of Mrs. Roy; and she cherished for her new mistress that good-will which animates the bosom of one woman for another who has thwarted, supplanted and found her out.

After their supper in "the room," as it was called—an elaborate meal, of which every upper servant felt bound in honor to promote the hilarity and comfort—Mrs. Mopus had contracted the habit of walking out of doors for half an hour or so in all weathers and under all circumstances, protesting that she could not get to sleep without this taste of fresh air after the labors of the day. Her real reasons were, perhaps, not entirely sanitary. It might be convenient thus to withdraw for a stated portion of time daily from the observation of the household, and no questions asked! When first she established the practice she was narrowly watched, no doubt, by her fellow servants; but in the course of a few months, when nothing came of these nightly wanderings, they ceased to regard them, and Mrs. Mopus found herself free to steal about the gardens and shrubberies wherever she pleased, unnoticed in the dark.

It was thus she held private interviews with the butcher, to accommodate certain serious differences concerning the heavy overcharges on which he tried to put her off with a shabby ten per cent., and it was thus, too, that she clandestinely met a neighboring farmer, sixty years of age and given to inebriety, who made honorable proposals of marriage, broken off prematurely by his being sold-up on quarter-day.

When there was company at Royston Grange, it was her habit in these nightly prowlings to peer through its panes into the conservatory. It amused her to watch the young men who adjourned there for coffee and tobacco, moving about among the flowers, like tropical birds, in their gorgeous smoking costumes. She was edified, too, by the freedom of their conversation, picking up occasional scraps of scandal concerning great people in London, or country neighbors nearer home, of which she would otherwise have remained ignorant. Collating their version of such affairs with that of their valets, she formed her own conclusions, and revolved them in her mind for future use. It was one of her maxims that the knowledge of a fellow-creature's secret for evil was as good as a bank-note. The time was sure to come when either he would pay to keep it quiet, or somebody else to find it out.

But her observations had hitherto been confined to the male sex. It seemed a great piece of luck to detect, on this night of the dinner party, a lady sitting alone with a gentleman in the conservatory; a greater to discover that lady was Mrs. Roy. Their conversation, indeed, might have been published in the first columns of the *Times*; but there is no dialogue so innocent that it will not bear misconstruction, and the listening housekeeper overheard enough to lay the foundation of such a plot as she hoped would undermine the life's happiness of her mistress, estrange her from her husband, and drive her at last ignominiously from her home. If she had any scruples of pity, they were blown into the air by Nelly's last remark while she entered the drawing-room: "Not a pretty face by any means. Oh! then I shouldn't wonder if it was Mrs. Mopus!"

"And Mrs. Mopus will be even with you yet, before she's done!" muttered the housekeeper, as she crept back through the laurels, shaking with suppressed passion. "What are you, my fine lady, I should like to know, for all your stylish looks and your black hair? Why, you're no better born than myself, and no better brought up! If you'd been a real lady, a lady of quality, you'd have kept your own place in the drawing-room, like a lady, and not come poking your nose into the linen-closets and the store-room with me. Lady, indeed! If that young gentleman, and he is a gentleman, and a lord into the bargain, knew what I do, he wouldn't be so keen to follow you up and down like a dog at your heels. And Mr. Roy, too! I'd like to hear what he would say to such goings-on. He shall know them, too, that he shall, before he's twenty-four hours older. I've been a faithful servant to him and his for many a long year, and I'm not going to see him put upon now. Not a pretty face, and you wouldn't wonder if it was Mrs. Mopus! Yes, it is Mrs. Mopus, and that you shall find out, my fine madam, to your cost!"

She was so angry that she went straight to her bedroom, and sat by the light of a single tallow candle, cogitating her plans, far into the night.

Mrs. Roy, meanwhile, unconscious of coming evil, congratulated herself on the success of her dinner party, and her own observance of those formalities she had so dreaded for more than a week.

"I never made a single mistake, did I?" she asked next morning at breakfast, peeping triumphantly round the tea-urn at her husband.

"Not many," he answered. "You made the move after dinner to the rector's wife instead of Mrs. Granton, and you didn't half take notice of that tiresome old Lady Meadowbank."

Nelly's face fell. "I'm so sorry, dear," said she. "It's nice of you to want to be kind to her, poor woman, for she's a widow."

"Oh! it's not for that," he answered, sharply. "You never seem to understand things, Nelly. She owns the best covert in the country."

Mrs. Roy looked rather sad, and held her tongue.

A few such conjugal amenities, a few lectures on the proprieties from Mr. Roy, followed by silent tears, the bitterer that she was heartily ashamed of them, and Nelly began to lose confidence in herself, to dread the very tingle of the door-bell that announced visitors, and to make more conventional mistakes than ever in sheer nervousness and anxiety lest she should do wrong.

If, as has been said, the great secret of oratory is to entertain a thorough contempt for one's audience, so the art of shining in society cannot be successfully cultivated under feelings of diffidence and mistrust of one's own position or one's own powers.

Mrs. Roy would glance anxiously at her husband before she spoke, say the wrong thing when she did speak, or stop short in the middle of a sentence, as if conscious of her blunders, and, waiting his instructions to go on, then he would shoot angry glances at her, which made matters worse; and once, after a certain luncheon to which some neighbors arrived unexpectedly, he reproached her for her awkwardness, her timidity, above all her silence, and told her—positively told her—"he couldn't bear to see her sitting at the top of his table mum like a fool!"

The last feather fairly broke the back of her self-respect. She began to long for sympathy, for help, instruction and advice. If Lord Fitzowen would only come, she thought, he might tell her what to do; he was so kind, so considerate, so ready to share with her his experience and knowledge of the world. That very afternoon Lord Fitzowen did come. She saw him ride past the windows while she was sitting disconsolately at tea, and ran to the glass before he was announced to smooth her hair, and make sure her eyes did not look as if she had been crying.

John Roy, marking trees for thinning, met his visitor in the park.

"I'd come back with you," said he, wiping his bill-hook on the hedger's gloves he wore, "only I've got so wet among all this underwood. But go up to the house; you'll find Nelly at home. She'll be glad to see you; she's rather in the dumps; it will do her good."

And he returned to that most engrossing of all occupations, chopping in one's own plantations, while Lord Fitzowen cantered over the grass to pay his visit of ceremony to Mrs. Roy.

CHAPTER II.—A WALKING DICTIONARY.

SHE received him with a bright smile, that faded to a look of womanly concern when he gave her his left hand.

"Why, you've got your arm in a sling," said she. "What is it? Nothing serious, I hope. You've had a tumble from your horse?"

John Roy would have told her she used the wrong expression. A good rider falls with his horse, a bad one tumbles off. Fitzowen answered carelessly:

"It serves me right for hunting before the frost was quite gone. I've put my shoulder out. It's nothing to signify, and luckily I did not hurt my friend the chestnut."

"If you had not hurt yourself it would be more to the purpose. Did you ride him here?"

"How could I, Mrs. Roy? He was out hunting yesterday. No. I came over on one of Miss Bruce's ponies."

She jumped to conclusions like a very woman. Of course! she ought to have seen it long ago. How stupid she had been! Mr. Roy was quite right when he said she was not fit to find her way about in general society. Miss Bruce and this young nobleman were lovers, and in all probability engaged. She might confide in Lord Fitzowen now without the slightest reserve or afterthought. It was fortunate—providential; and yet she could not help reflecting that Hester had seemed unlike the sort of person he had described as his ideal of a wife.

"I see," she observed, after a pause. "Of course you would."

"What do you see?" he asked; "and of course I would what?"

"Of course, you will have some tea. Shall I make it for you? Not so well as Miss Bruce, but the best I can."

"I didn't come here to talk about Miss Bruce," said he, subsiding into a low chair while she handed him the tea. "I am more interested at this moment in Mrs. Roy. Has she had many visitors? Has she given any more dinner-parties? And what has become of the ghost?"

"The ghost?"

"Yes. Don't you remember the ghost I saw looking into the conservatory?"

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

"Implicitly."

"And in spirit-rapping?"

"I think so, though they never come to rap at my door. I believe in everything, Mrs. Roy. That is to say, I believe in one thing as much as another."

She looked grave.

"I don't like to hear you speak so, and you don't mean it, I know. Lord Fitzowen, do you remember what I told you the other night about the ways of society? I cannot understand them. Have people no likings, no affections, no feelings, above all, no standard of right and wrong? Or do they simply make a point of never saying what they mean? You have lived in the great world; you belong to it yourself. Perhaps you will explain."

"I will if I can," he answered. "You know I promised to be your dictionary."

"It was kind of you, if you meant it. I have thought so very often. I do indeed require a dictionary more than most people."

"Then, being yours, I shall at once turn over a new leaf."

"Most men in your position ought to do that," she answered, still thinking of Miss Bruce. "But will you be serious for a moment, if I ask you a question?"

"To please you, I will. For no other consideration on earth."

"Then tell me why it is that only poor people and servants are ever in earnest about anything. Mr. Roy is as bad as the others. You are all alike, and it seems to me you don't speak English. If it pours with rain, you call it 'moistish'; if the sun shines, you admit 'it's not half a bad day.' When young Mr. Slowman's horse ran away, and I said it was a great mercy he wasn't killed, Mrs. Granton added, 'and a great pity, too,' and all the company laughed. The Browns have lost every shilling they possessed, but Mr. Roy only thinks 'it's rather a bore for Brown!' Even when that horrid woman left her husband the other day, and it got into all the newspapers, nobody seemed to consider the wickedness, but everybody exclaimed, 'How could she be such a fool?' Are you really without heart and principles, or do you think it good manners to appear so?"

"There is affectation in every class, Mrs. Roy," answered Fitz, plunging boldly into the question, as knowing he must soon be out of his depth; "and all affectation is vulgarity more or less. In our horror of one extreme, we fall into the other; and for fear we should seem dramatic, we cease to be real. So we are vulgar, too, in our way. And yet, what would you have? It would never do for us to go about proclaiming our likes and dislikes—our hopes, feelings and opinions. We should be ridiculous, worse than that—tiresome. So we agree to play with counters instead of money, and it comes to the same thing when you are used to the game. Why, if I were to tell you what I am really thinking at this moment, how do I know you wouldn't ring the bell and have me turned out of the house?"

She drew herself up, and looked quite capable of acting precisely as he described; but before her pride could take offense, he rattled on into smooth water again.

"I don't care—I'll risk it with you, and run my chance. I was thinking what a flat my friend Roy is to be working like a slave up to his middle in dripping underwood when he might be sitting warm and dry by this comfortable fire in the best of company, over an excellent cup of tea. You haven't rung the bell yet, so I would go on, only I have nothing more to say."

"You have said quite enough," she answered, laughing, "when you presume to call Mr. Roy 'a flat.' But he never takes tea now, as he used; and gentlemen seem to find a charm that is perfectly unaccountable in chopping their own trees."

"I am so glad I never had any trees. Not that it matters, for I suppose I should have cut them all down. But you are making me forget everything it is my duty to remember. Now, what do you think brought me here this afternoon?"

Nobody so good-looking as Nelly could be less of a coquette. Still, it was not in a woman's nature to suppress the obvious rejoinder:

"I suppose it was in order to pay me a visit."

"Not a bit. You like people to be rude and sincere, so now I will tell you the truth. I made it an excuse to pay you a visit, that I freely admit; but I came charged with a message from Miss Bruce. The hounds meet to-morrow three miles from this house. She is not going to ride, and would call for you in the carriage if you choose to come. It's a favorite place, and I think I can promise you will be amused."

Nelly's gray eyes sparkled. "I should like it of all things," she answered. "Do you know, I have never seen a hunt in my life! Only I'm afraid it's cruel," she added, as an after-thought.

"You must not say 'seeing a hunt.' Your dictionary tells you to call it 'going out hunting'; and as for being cruel, it's—it's—in fact, it's quite the reverse. Then I may tell Miss Bruce you will drive with her?"

"I must ask Mr. Roy. I will, most certainly, if he has no objection."

"What objection could he have? I suppose he's not afraid to trust you with Miss Bruce?"

"If you are not, I don't see why he should be," said Nelly, still harping on her own erroneous conclusion.

He looked mystified, but proceeded to the practical details of their expedition.

"Then she will be at your door at half-past ten. Don't ask her to get out, because she will be wrapped up for all day; and if you take my advice, you will put on your warmest clothes, too. It's sure to be cold crossing the Downs. You must go by the old Roman road. I dare say you don't know the shortest way out of your own woods. Where's the ordnance map? I can show you in five seconds."

Now, the ordnance map, notwithstanding that it was referred to three or four times every day, hung for greater convenience in the most remote corner of the library; so Mrs. Roy and her visitor adjourned there forthwith; the latter, as hostess, piloted him across the darkening hall, professing grave apprehensions lest they should meet the ghost.

It was already dark. John Roy, in his wet clothes, made the best of his way home, following a narrow path, through some thick-growing evergreens that led direct to the house. Here he came into collision with an advancing form, shadowy and indistinct enough, but far too substantial in its proportions for a disembodied spirit of any kind.

On one side a scream was suppressed, on the other an oath was not; but Mrs. Mopus, perhaps because she expected him, recognized her master before the familiar voice broke out with:

"Who the deuce are you? And what are you doing here?"

"It is only me, sir," she answered, softly; "I thought you would be coming home this way, and I slipped out to meet you, Mr. Roy, that's the truth. It's right that somebody should be careful of your health, you that never thinks of yourself."

I said you'd be as wet as a sop, and so you are; but you wouldn't go and change, not if it was ever so, unless I begged and prayed of you, as I always used. I've done my duty by you, Mr. Roy, for many years, and I'll do it still; whether others does or doesn't, it won't alter me."

"I believe you have a regard for me, Mopus," he answered, kindly. "But you are always over-anxious, and make a fuss about nothing."

"Old servants will, sir," she replied. "We know when we've got a good master, Mr. Roy. I've laid down dry things to air at your dressing-room fire, sir. That valet of yours is no more use than a post. No doubt Mrs. Roy would have seen to it herself, but she's engaged in the drawing-room with a visitor."

"Is he not gone yet?" escaped from John Roy's lips, with an involuntary expression of surprise.

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered the housekeeper. "It's no business of mine, sir, to watch the gentlemen as comes to visit your lady. I keep to my place, I hope, Mr. Roy, though, of course, my thoughts are my own."

"Thoughts! What do you mean by your thoughts?"

"Well, sir, you mustn't pay much attention to what I say; I'm a little upset this afternoon with one thing and another, and I can't forget you've been a kind master to me for many a long day. Get into the house, sir, as quick as you can, and change from head to foot."

Now, the shortest way into the house was by the drawing-room windows, of which the shutters had not yet been closed for the night; and past these windows Mrs. Mopus thought well to follow in her master's wake, though her own dominions lay in another wing. Suddenly she came alongside, and addressed him in a troubled whisper:

"I ask your pardon, sir," said she, "I've deceived you, sir, regarding the gentleman who came to visit Mrs. Roy. He must be gone long ago. See, there's nobody left in the drawing-room, and the fire is nearly out."

"All right, Mopus," he answered, shutting the house door; but he muttered to himself as he tramped up-stairs, "That woman must be going out of her senses. What can it signify to me whether there's anybody in the drawing-room or not?"

Nevertheless, during the process of undressing, her words and manners recurred to him more than once, always with increasing uneasiness and a vague feeling of suspicion.

Did she mean anything? If she meant anything, why couldn't she speak out? Was there anything to mean—anything wrong going on in the household that he ought to know? She seemed to imply as much. No doubt it would come out in good time—to-morrow or next day. He need not worry himself. Nelly would see to it and put everything right. Then he started in his slippers, and rushed to the window. The clatter of hoofs could be distinctly heard from the stable-yard, and Fitzowen's good-humored voice conversing with the helper who led his pony out.

For one moment the room seemed to turn round; the next, he muttered, "It's impossible!" and resumed his dressing calmly and methodically as before. But the "it" was not so easily shaken off, and, after attending him through the successive stages of his toilet, accompanied him down-stairs to assist at a *côte-à-côte* dinner with his wife.

Nelly was brilliant, and seemed in better spirits than usual. She looked forward with pleasure to her expedition on the morrow, and felt gratified by Lord Fitzowen's kindness in coming to suggest it to-day. John Roy, on the other hand, ate little and spoke less; but, contrary to his usual habits, which were, indeed, strictly temperate, drank two or three glasses of wine in quick succession.

It is one of the drawbacks to matrimony that two people are seldom precisely in the same humor at the same time. Should the husband be helped twice to mutton, the wife is pretty sure to send her plate away untouched. If he is inclined to talk, she probably has a headache, and the lady is prone to broach subjects involving personal discussion when the gentleman wants to go to sleep.

While the servants were in the room, Nelly did her best, but it is hard to keep the shuttlecock of conversation going with only one battledore, and, as she originated topic after topic, they fell successively to the ground. At last, when dessert was placed on the table, and the door shut for the last time, she made a great effort, and asked her husband, point-blank, "What was the matter?"

"Why?"

It was a discouraging reply, and she continued, timidly:

"You seem out of spirits, dear, and you scarcely ate a morsel. Either you didn't like your dinner, or else you're not well."

"The dinner was no worse than usual," he answered, ungraciously; "and I don't see why you should say I'm not well, because I can't jabber about nothing, with three servants in the room. A man needn't ask his wife to excuse him, I suppose, whenever he feels tired?"

"Or cross," she replied, hastily, for his tone cut her to the quick.

"Or bored," was the unkind rejoinder. "I think that's nearer the mark!"

Her eyes filled with tears, and after five minutes of painful silence she left the room.

But in less than half an hour her sweet and generous temper reasserted itself. When tea came she gave him his cup with as bright a smile as usual, drew his armchair to the fire, and handed him the newspaper as if no cloud had ever come between them; she even bent her beautiful head over him to whisper softly that she "had spoken in haste, and begged his pardon, because she was in the wrong."

John Roy's heart smote him, and for a moment he esteemed her as "excellent a wench" as ever Othello thought Desdemona; but again there came between them the vague and unacknowledged shadow cast by the inexplicable bearing of his housekeeper, and he could not refrain from asking

himself, over and over again, though not without a certain bitter self-contempt, "What could Mrs. Mopus mean?" (To be continued.)

SCENES IN SUN-LANDS.

By Mrs. FRANK LESLIE.

NASSAU.—THE QUEEN'S STAIRCASE—THE FORTS—UNDERGROUND PASSAGES—THE BANYAN AND SILK-COTTON-TREES.

STARTING one day for a walk, we turned up the street where stands the bishop's residence, with its extensive and well-stocked gardens, and the handsome house of the Attorney-General; beyond these the street suddenly narrows to a deep, wild glen, cut down at least a hundred feet in a quarry of limestone, and overgrown and embowered with the loveliest growth of wild vines and flowering shrubs climbing up the smooth walls and nodding from the lofty cornice.

At the farther end of the glen the quarriesmen have cut out a flight of sixty-seven steps in the living rock reaching to the level above; this is called the Queen's Staircase, and is one of the most popular resorts in the town, both for the tourists and those happy pairs of people who haunt such spots by moonlight and at a net's witching hour.

Ascending the staircase with some little labor, we found ourselves upon a picturesque moor, covered with vegetation of the wealthy tropical nature abounding here, and, pursuing a pretty little foot-path, came presently to a gray old fort seated in lonely majesty upon the height. It is called Fort Fincastle, and is somewhat remarkable in shape, the eastern end being fashioned into an acute angle and the sides swelling out in two bastions, which altogether give a quaint resemblance to the boxes and paddle-houses of a side-wheel steamer.

We entered and found the garrison, consisting of one man, ready to receive us. He must lead a lonely and silent life, his only duty to watch for sails entering the harbor, and signal the approach of anything more important than a coasting vessel. A mass of flags lay in picturesque confusion at the foot of the signal-staff, and some cannon of respectable and peaceful appearance peeped out through the walls in company with the signal man who, telescope in hand, looked over them in a vacant and melancholy fashion.

At the other extremity of the town lies another signal-station and stronghold, called Fort Charlotte, and hither we drove, on a lovely breezy afternoon, along the seashore road leading out of the town for several miles both east and west, and forming the popular drive for the aristocrats of Nassau, who resort thither every pleasant afternoon in equipages of various styles, but always with a negro driver—sometimes holding the reins, sometimes seated solemnly behind.

The road is bordered along the seaside with monster cacti growing in dense thickets and solid masses, and occasionally twining serpent-like around some unfortunate tree and thrusting a venomous head from between its topmost branches. Besides these we noticed large growth of the sea-grape, a small tree, whose fruit resembles both the orange and lemon in appearance, and neither in taste. But the other and landward side of the road is bordered with groves of the cocoa-palm, the very queen of tropical foliage, the great fruit clinging like a necklace around the stem just beneath the graceful, waving head, with its crown of sweeping leaves.

From the hedge between the road and these plantations rise out of a thick mat of great fleshy leaves like cactus, the gigantic stalks of the manilla hemp, introduced here some years since, but not found sufficiently profitable to warrant its cultivation.

A mile or more of this charming road brought us to a picturesque water-battery, built of stone and including a monument to the officers of a man-of-war wrecked in these waters. Opposite this battery, upon a gentle eminence, stands Fort Charlotte, with the picturesque ruined barracks, once inhabited by its garrison.

The garrison, like that of Fincastle, is now reduced to one man, who received us with the unfailing negro courtesy, and showed us the guard-room, where, over a little charcoal fire, stood the tripod with its iron shelf on which he bakes his maternal banquet, his own chair, rickety table and the inclined platform where the off-guard formerly slept, with a steeper inclination for a pillow.

The poor fellow devotes the waste affections of his heart to poultry, and a group of melancholy fowls clustered upon and around a stack of cannon-balls in so fond a fashion, that one fancied that such martial birds as these may produce such iron eggs as those.

This man, like the other, clings habitually to a telescope, and gazes vaguely out to sea, hour after hour, waiting, perhaps, to see old Black-Beard come sailing home to scatter and destroy his English conquerors. The signal-staff and the flags were like those of Fort Fincastle, but the specialty of Fort Charlotte is the catcombs above which it stands.

The whole hill of soft lime-stone is quarried into subterranean steps, galleries, chambers and long, involved passages, leading no one knows whither or for what. The legend runs that one passage extends from the fort to the old Government House, now used as a hospital, but if so, it is walled up and lost.

Our signal man led us to the top of a spiral staircase cut in the solid rock, and offered to take us down, plainly implying that he did not expect us to accept the invitation. Our artist, however, did so at once, and the two presently disappeared in the treacherous cavern, the guide holding a lighted candle inside his hat. So soon as they were gone the spirit of Eve seized upon us, her true daughters, and we plunged after, groping our way down the dizzy staircase, and quite surprised to find, after what seemed an endless descent into the bowels of the earth, that the staircase comprises only thirty-eight steps of about nine inches rise. At the foot waited the guide, his flickering candle lighting nothing but his own teeth and eyeballs, while his welcome human voice inquired: "Done got down, miss?"

Beyond the steps lies an inclined passage leading to an oblong chamber, its narrow shot-hole windows looking out upon the breezy hillside and the ocean beyond, for this chamber is in the outer wall, and probably intended as a point of refuge or escape in extremity. It is called the Governor's Room, although nobody knows any reason for this distinction.

Coming back to the surface of the earth, we descended another flight of steps, and were led through what seemed endless labyrinth of low passages divided by archways and pillars, and branching off in every direction. Perfectly lost and bewildered, we were suddenly delighted by a glimpse of daylight and a breath of fresh air, and found that our

guide had opened a little door giving upon a remote corner of the outer walls, and we stepped outside quite with the feeling of escaped prisoners; and, after assuring our attentive cicerone of our remembrance, we passed around the fort to the spot where our driver and his horse slumbered patiently together.

Returning into town we drove through it and out upon the western road—also a continuation of Bay Street, and also the fashionable drive for Nassau of an afternoon. Winding along the seashore through picturesque suburbs, groves of palms, and past pleasant gardens, the road terminates at Fort Montague—a small and decayed work, tenanted chiefly by an old woman who furnishes hot coffee to the bathers who resort hither daily to enjoy the surf and stroll in the mild and balmy waters and upon the wonderfully beautiful white, sandy beach.

A row of bathing-houses below the fort are not perhaps quite artistic in effect, but very comfortable in point of fact. Around Fort Montague lies a wild waste of moor and jungle, and it is considered "the thing" to allow one's carriage to stand here for some little time, while one contemplates the view or exchanges the news of the day with the acquaintances one is sure to meet.

Our first visit to this place was under the escort of Mr. McLain, American Consul at Nassau, and his charming wife, with some members of their family, and to the attention and courtesy of these most congenial and kindly people we must attribute a large share of the social pleasure we enjoyed in Nassau.

Coming home, we stopped to admire and examine the famous banyan-tree, pictorially familiar to everybody, but not so often encountered in real life. There are several specimens in Nassau, but this is the finest and largest; the great lateral branches extend horizontally for about fifty feet on every side, and from them straight, downward shoots descend and root themselves in the soil, forming a perfect grove of trunks, all uniting in the one wide flat green crest. Standing within this grove and gazing upward, one recognizes with an odd sense of unreality, that here is the veritable banyan tree of one's first little geography of the Swiss family Robinson, and of many another legend of one's early and credulous youth, and quite looks for the tamed zebra, the wonderful monkey and all the various other adjuncts of those absorbing tales.

Returning into town we paused to look at the great silk-cotton-tree beside the Public Buildings, its roots extending out like buttresses twenty feet on every side, forming wooden walls twelve or fifteen feet in height, with narrow cell-like chambers between. The seeds of this tree are enveloped in a fluffy down-like substance, which becomes quite troublesome in the season by its attachment to coats, hats, and hair of passers-by, and the top has been severely shortened to repress this nuisance.

Another remarkable tree new to Northern eyes is the Jumba Bean, commonly called Whistling Bean, and sometimes Woman's Tongues—the last title, I grieve to say, alluding to the constant clatter and clash one hears beneath it, as the dry seed-pods covering it strike together in the faintest breeze. But one need not say that this name is purely masculine, and to our minds the sound was far more like surf upon a pebbly shore than any clatter of human tongues.

The public buildings of Nassau comprise the Post Office, whose use is but intermittent; the Police Court, always active; the Custom House, and the Halls of Parliament, including the Council Chamber where balls and other high festivals are celebrated.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Animal Heat and Microscopical Organisms.—On the 26th of March, 1878, Professor Pasteur brought to the notice of the French Academy of Medicine three hens, two living and one dead. The history of these three hens deserves to be related, as they may possibly be destined to play an important part in the future of pathology. It was Pasteur who furnished the proof that the inflammation of the spleen was due to infinitesimally small organisms, bacteria, which filled the blood of the animal. By inoculating with the contaminated blood death would be occasioned within two days. But there was an exception to the rule. A hen inoculated in this manner was in no way affected, but remained as lively as ever. In seeking for an explanation of this extraordinary circumstance, Pasteur came to the conclusion that it was a question of temperature. The temperature of the blood of animals subject to splenitis ranges between 35° and 39° C. (95° and 102° F.); that of the hen is between 42° and 43° C. (107° F. and 109° F.). Pasteur instituted the following experiment. He injected a double quantity of blood infected with bacteria into one hen, and half the quantity into another. The latter he placed on a bath by which the blood was cooled down to 95° Fahr., and the animal died within twenty-nine hours. The first hen, with a double dose, experienced no inconvenience whatever. A third hen, in its normal condition, was treated to the cooling bath, but was in no way injured. Thus Pasteur was justified in his conclusion that bacteria were destroyed at temperatures above 95° Fahr., and that one way to destroy the evil would be to heat the blood of the patient above the range at which the microscopic animals are known to survive. The suggestion opens up a new path of research, and Dumas announced to the Academy that an anonymous person had proposed a prize of 6,000 francs for the best essay on the application of Pasteur's discovery to actual practice. It is possible that the efficacy of the Turkish bath and of the hot springs of various parts of the world may be due to the destructive action of heat upon the lower forms of life.

Death of Julius Robert von Mayer.—Julius Robert von Mayer was born in Heilbronn, Germany, November 25th, 1814, and died in his native city, March 21st, 1878. After obtaining his degree as a physician, he commenced professional life as ship's surgeon on an East India vessel, and in the Summer of 1840, while at Java, made some observations on the venous blood of some of his patients, which subsequently led him to great discoveries. In 1841 he returned to Germany, and settled in his native town. Here he devoted the spare hours from his professional duties to the consideration of various unsolved physical problems. Although almost entirely isolated from scientific companionship, with next to no opportunity for experimental research, and limited in time, he evolved in a short period a succession of theoretical views, which, in point of originality, boldness and comprehensive grasp of facts, stand among the foremost in the history of physics. To him the world is chiefly indebted to the clear enunciation of the mechanical theory of heat. It was reserved to him to save together the scattered facts observed by Rumford, Davy and others, and to mold from them definite views on the nature of heat. With his introduction of the expression "the mechanical equivalent of heat" and the clear exposition of the mutual interchangeability of heat and mechanical energy, he dealt the last blow to the all-caloric theory, and thus largely helped to place on a firm foundation the new doctrines of the conservation and transformation of energy. In 1845 Dr. Mayer published a work of 100 pages on "Organic Movement in Connection with the Transformation of Matter," in which he details at length the new theory, and with a most extensive, varied and novel series of illustrations from every branch of natural science and natural history, establishes the principles that all the so-

called forces are in the changeable forms of energy—that energy is never created or destroyed, and that all natural phenomena are accompanied by a change of the form of energy—in fact, proving that no force is ever lost any more than matter, and as no matter has ever been lost in the world, so, too, there is the same energy or force at present as at the time of the creation. Perhaps the ordinary reader may not appreciate the significance of these discoveries, but to the scientific mind they have a vast importance. His services were recognized by election to membership in the French Academy of Sciences and other foreign academies, and two years before his death the King of Wurtemberg elected him to the nobility. He possessed an original and witty turn of mind, and in private life was much beloved by all who knew him.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CHARLES DICKENS'S vacant chair was sold recently for \$150. Its original price was about \$4.

THE Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, has become Chaplain of the First Regiment of Illinois State Militia.

SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS a year will be the salary of the English tutor of the young Maharajah of Mysore.

THE Prince of Wales has put up his brother-in-law, the Crown Prince of Denmark, at the Paris Jockey Club, and hopes he will not be blackballed.

THE friends of Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., estimate that the institution will obtain about \$800,000 under the recent bequests of Mr. Henry Baker.

MR. RUSKIN'S restoration to health is so complete that he is again at work revising and adding to the notes by which he has illustrated the exhibition of his Turner drawings.

THE REV. SAMUEL M. ISAACS, Rabbi of the Synagogue Shearith Tephila, editor and proprietor of the *Jewish Messenger*, and oldest Hebrew minister in New York City, died May 19th, aged 75 years.

GEORGE KELLOCK, for thirty-five consecutive years Superintendent of the Bureau of Out-of-Door Poor, under the Department of Charities and Correction, New York City, died suddenly, May 20th, aged 64 years.

MR. DAVID PULSIFER, of Boston, bought an old Hebrew Roll of the Law at a second-hand book store for a nominal price. Rabbi Hararon, of Jerusalem, has just inspected it, and pronounced it 2,500 years old—the most ancient relic of the kind in existence.

T. C. DE LEON, an old contributor to *Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner*, again comes before the public in the South as conductor of the *Gulf Citizen*, a literary monthly. If the succeeding numbers keep the promise of the first, just issued, a successful career is before it.

M. ANDRE, the Director of the Lyons Observatory, who was sent to California to observe the transit of Mercury across the sun, has telegraphed that his experiments have succeeded admirably, and that he has been able to take seventy-eight photographic proofs at various stages of the transit.

THE marriage of Governor Swann of Maryland, and Mrs. Thompson, of Princeton, N. J., is to take place in the house of the bride, in Princeton, N. J., and afterwards there will be a grand wedding reception. Governor Swann will take his bride to Newport, where they will remain during the Summer.

EX-GOVERNOR WASHBURN of Wisconsin has, with the approval of the University Regents, located the site for the observatory which he has endowed and donated to the State. The observatory will be located on the extreme summit of the hill beyond the President's house, which is one of the highest points in Dane County, commanding a magnificent stretch of country.

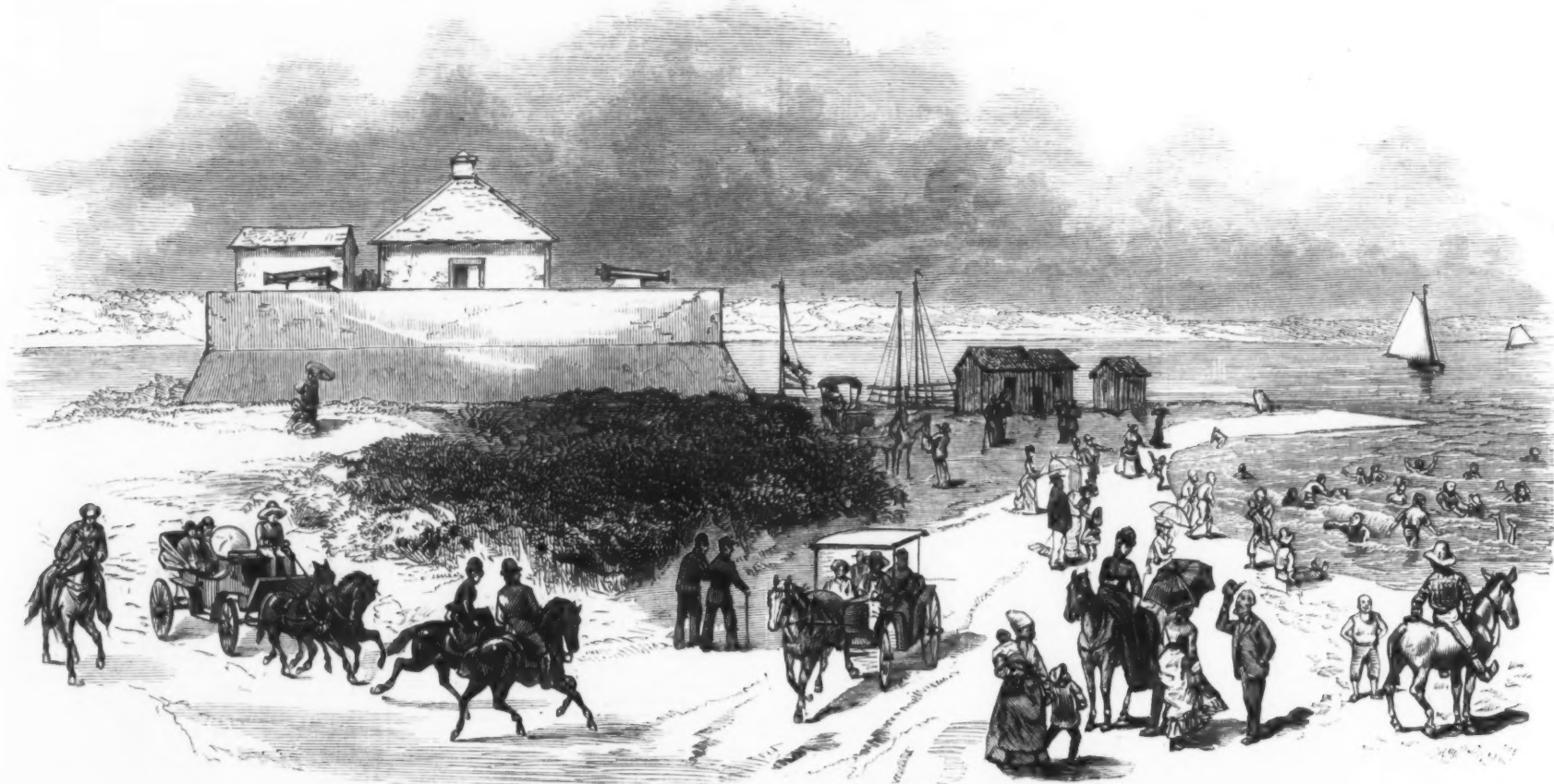
THE young lady whom Arthur, Duke of Connaught, is going to marry, is the youngest of the three daughters of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia. Her name is Louise Margarethe Alexandra Victoria Agnes; she is pretty, very charming and amiable, and is seventeen years old. The duke now receives from the British nation an annual income of \$75,000; upon his marriage it will be raised to \$125,000.

SIR FRANCIS GOLDSMID, whose death is reported, was one of the most distinguished Hebrews in England. He was an excellent and cultivated man, taking deep interest in higher education, and in all important scientific and political affairs. He strictly maintained Hebrew customs, and in Parliament was spokesman for his persecuted brethren in the East. London University will long be grateful for the substantial aid bestowed by him.

GENERAL LE DUC, notwithstanding the ridicule which has been heaped upon him for his effort to introduce tea-culture in this country, is achieving success in that direction, and he believes that tea plantations will be all the rage in a short time, and that the \$20,000,000 paid annually to China for tea can be kept at home. The Commissioner is shipping large numbers of tea-plants to the South every day, and the tea people believe they can grow them at a profit of \$250 an acre.

COUNT BASILEWSKI, regarded as the richest man in Russia, and who had for many years past enjoyed an income of 5,000,000 of rubles, or about \$4,000,000, a year, died at St. Petersburg, on the 4th instant, at the age of ninety-two. He had passed much of his life in Paris, where he built the beautiful Hotel Basilewski, now the property of the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. He was the father of the Princess Souvaroff, the lady who, during a recent visit to this country, displayed so much spirit and determination in resisting the attempt of an anonymous scoundrel to "black-mail" her by threats of making scandalous publications about her. Count Basilewski leaves two other daughters, the Countess de Galve and Mme. Duillet.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE G. LAKE gave a charming reunion in honor of Miss Emma Abbot, at their residence, No. 851 Fifth Avenue, on the evening of Thursday last. The house was converted for the occasion into a fragrant floral bower. Mrs. Lake received, assisted by Miss Abbot, the toilets of both ladies being completely in tune with the brilliant surroundings. Mrs. Lake wore a Marie de Medicis dress of white silk, over which a "brave broderie" of seed pearls cast their tender sheen, nor was the flash of diamonds wanted to complete the queenly costume. Miss Abbot was attired in pale blue, with seed pearls scattered on the azure in glorious profusion, while diamonds "glittered everywhere." There was a dance, followed by a supper worthy the stew-pans of Monsieur La Perivaleuse himself. Amongst those assembled were the Rev. Dr. Chapin, Mrs. John Bigelow, Thurlow Weed, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rutter, Albert Weber, Mr. and Mrs. Mollison, Mrs. C. V. Ostrander, Mr. and Mrs. William Ostrander, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carpenter, Mr. Francesco Marra, Professor Doremus and Mrs. Doremus, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Clarke, S. D. Babcock, Mrs. and Miss Marcy, Miss Rose Barnes, Mrs. M. D. London, Mr. Allen, Mr. Frederick Hatfield, Mr. M. L. Marks, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, Mrs. Groot, Mr. and Mrs. Power, and Professor Eli Charlier and Mrs. Charlier.



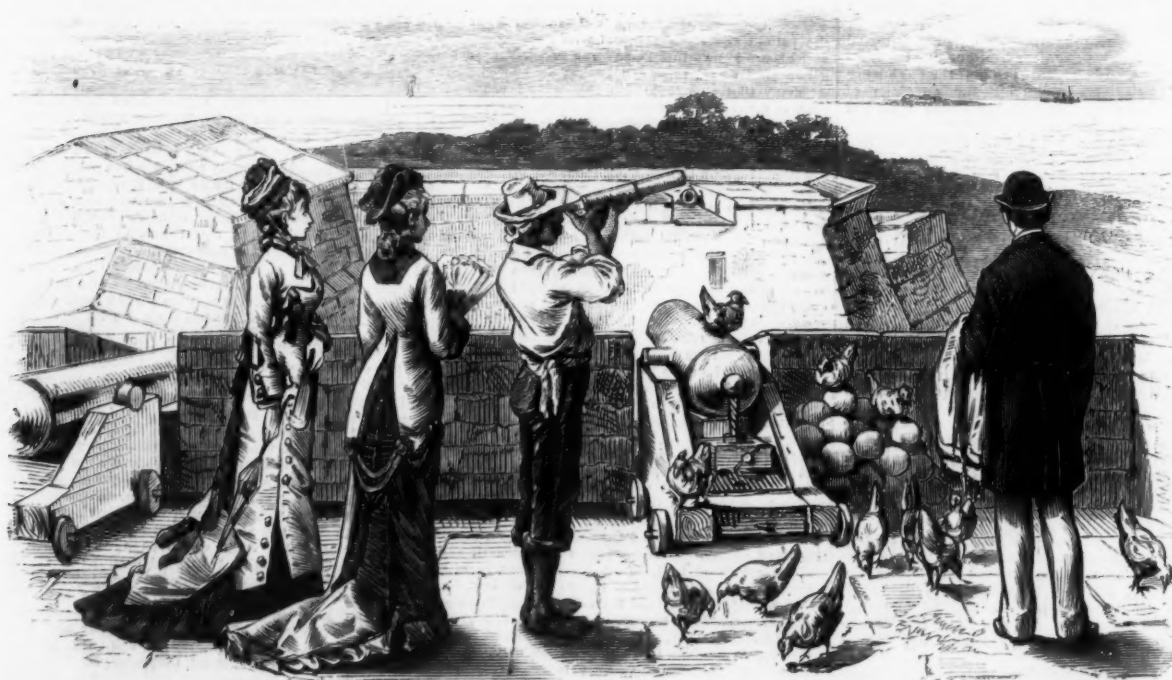
FORT MONTAGUE AND BATHING-PLACE.



THE QUEEN'S STAIRCASE.



THE GREAT SILK-COTTON-TREE.

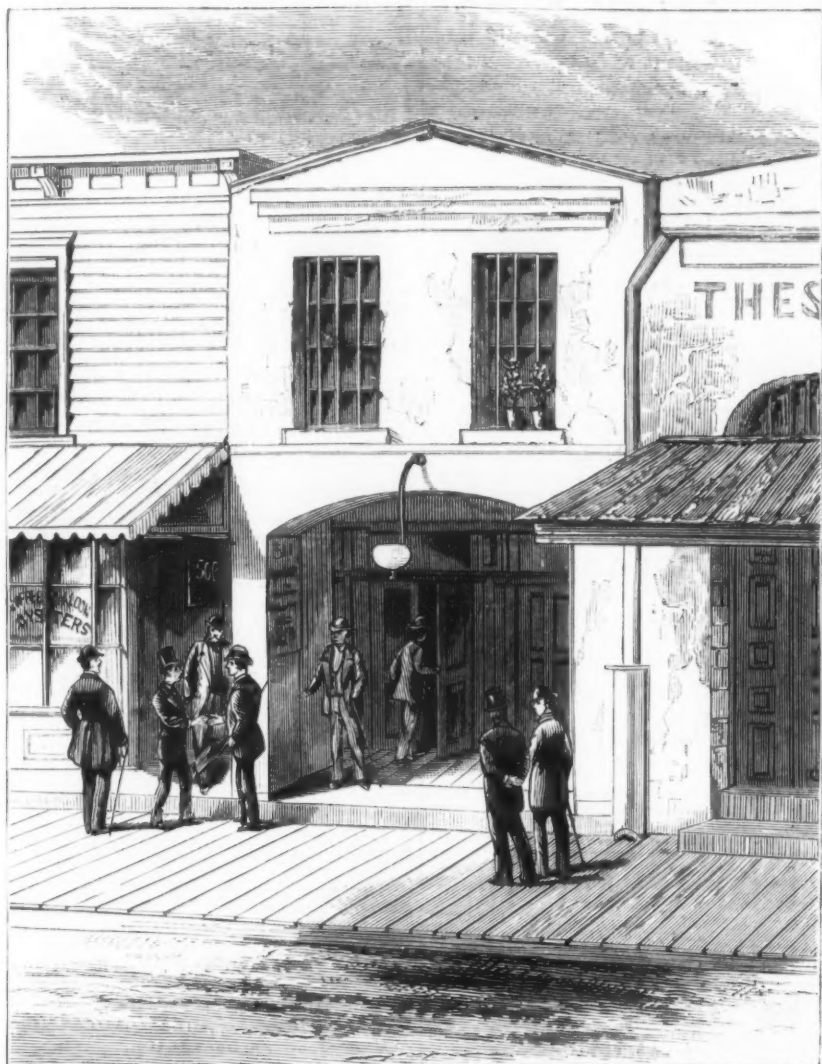


THE LOOKOUT AT FORT CHARLOTTE.



A COCOA PALM GROVE.

SCENES IN SUN-LANDS.—INCIDENTS OF A TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO NASSAU—STREET SCENES IN THE TOWN OF NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. F. COONLEY AND SKETCHES BY WALTER YEAGER.—SEE PAGE 239.



CALIFORNIA.—THE "AUCTION LUNCH ROOMS," IN SAN FRANCISCO—MESSRS. FLOOD & O'BRIEN'S LIQUOR SALOON IN 1856, WHERE THEY ORIGINALLY RECEIVED THEIR POINTS OF MINING OPPORTUNITIES. FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER YEAGER.

THE LATE WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN,
CALIFORNIA'S MILLIONAIRE.

WILLIAM SHONEY O'BRIEN, one of the famous Bonanza Kings, died in San Rafael, California, on Thursday, May 2d, after an illness of about four months' duration. He had been moved

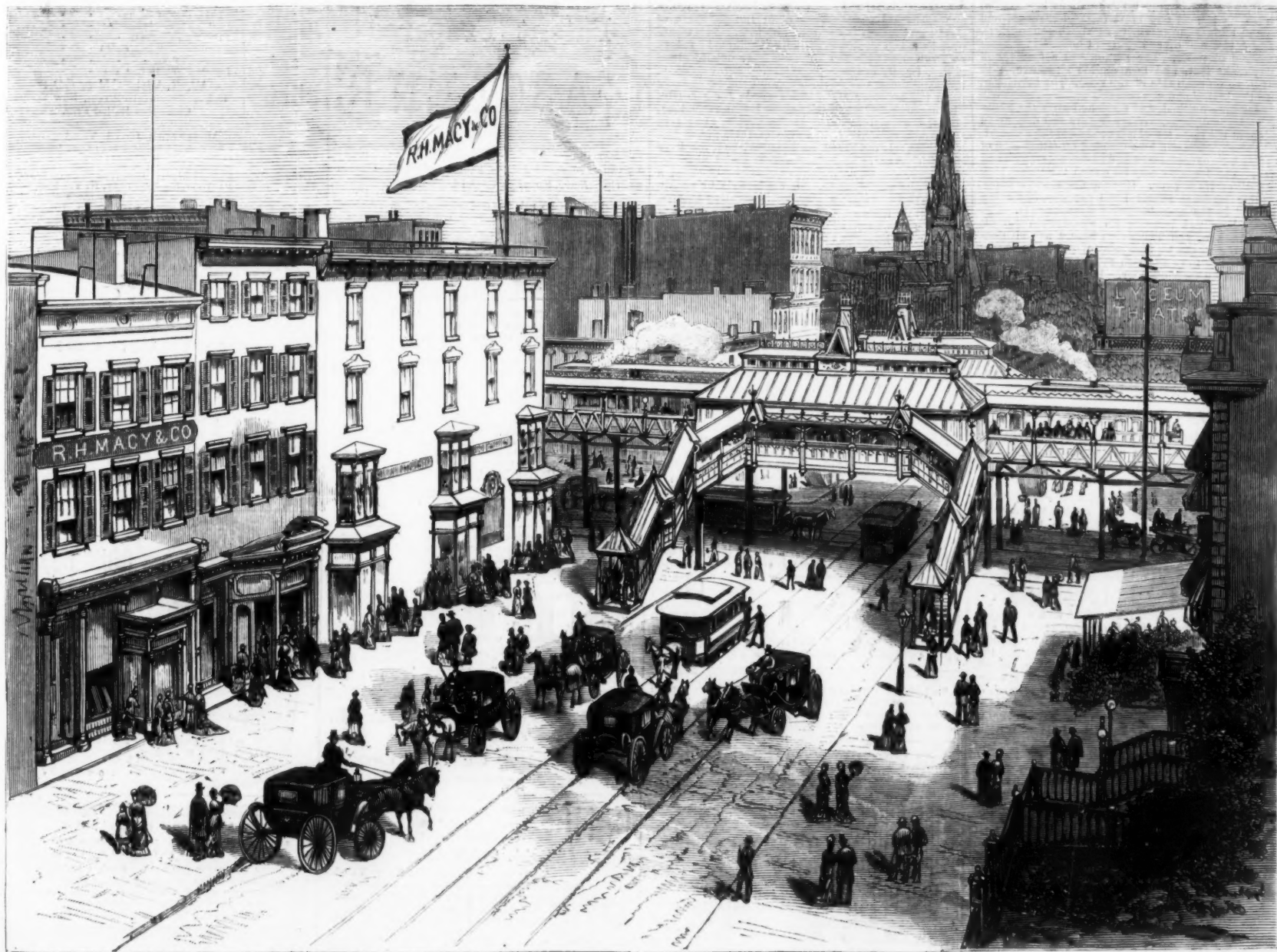
from San Francisco to San Rafael in April, in the hope that a change of air and scenery would bring him relief; but this change did not prove beneficial, and he began sinking almost directly he reached his destination. He retained his faculties to the last, and passed away in the presence of his partner, J. C. Flood, and other friends and relations.

Mr. O'Brien was born at Abbeyleix, Queen's County, Ireland, in 1826. He emigrated to the United States at an early age, settling in New York and finding employment in a store. When the news was heard of the discovery of gold in California, he joined the throng of adventurous spirits who went to seek their fortunes in the El Dorado. He made

the voyage around the Horn in the ship *Tarolinta*, and arrived in San Francisco on the 6th of July, 1849. His first business connection was with Colonel William C. Hoff, with whom he remained in partnership about two years. He then went into shipchandlery business with W. J. Romer. In 1856 the firm of Flood & O'Brien, liquor dealers, was



CALIFORNIA.—THE LATE WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN, OF THE FIRM OF FLOOD & O'BRIEN.



NEW YORK CITY.—COMPLETION OF THE GILBERT ELEVATED RAILROAD—THE PASSENGER STATION ON THE CORNER OF SIXTH AVENUE AND FOURTEENTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 242.

established, and the Auction Lunch Rooms were opened under the partnership on Washington Street, near Sansone. The saloon became a favorite resort for mining men and stock dealers, and in a quiet way the two partners obtained information from their patrons which was of great benefit to them. They speculated in stocks in a modest way for some years, and succeeded so well that in 1867 they went in on a larger scale, and cleared up considerable money by an operation in Kentucky. This laid the foundation for still more extensive operations, and a successful deal in Hale & Norcross a few years later brought the firm prominently before the public as stock speculators. The saloon on Washington Street was sold out in 1868, and after that the firm was engaged only in the mining business. In this year Messrs. Flood & O'Brien entered into a mining partnership with J. W. Mackay and J. G. Fair. Prosperity attended the new firm from the outset. The now priceless Comstock claims were obtained at an expenditure of about \$65,000, and it soon became evident that a magnificent prize had been won. During the great excitement in bonanza stocks in January, 1875, the members of the firm made their colossal fortunes, and came to the front as the most successful operators in the world, obtaining complete control of the bonanza mines, which they have ever since retained. On the 4th of October, 1875, the Nevada Bank was opened in the building on the corner of Pine and Montgomery Streets, erected at an expense of \$1,200,000, with a paid-up capital of \$5,000,000, and Messrs. Flood & O'Brien, John W. Mackay, James G. Fair and Louis McLane as directors and sole stockholders. The success of the new bank was marked and rapid, and about a year ago the capital stock was increased to \$10,000,000. Mr. O'Brien's wealth had been estimated at from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000, but the estate was sworn to at less than \$6,000,000. To his nephews and nieces he bequeathed \$300,000 each, and legacies of \$10,000, \$20,000, and \$30,000 each were left to various charitable institutions, Catholic and Protestant.

In private life the deceased was unostentatious and amiable, greatly liked and respected by a large circle of friends, with whom he lived on terms of affable *bonhomie*, not untouched with that tinge of Bohemianism which respects wealth only for the sake of the material pleasures it brings. Against him it can never be alleged that his immense wealth puffed him up or made him ignore those with whom he had been associated in his earlier and poorer days. His many deeds of charity were not blazoned forth to the world, but there are few left, especially among his countrymen, who will not, while they look back with pride to the grand career of the poor Irish boy who has made California a power in the financial headquarters of the world, drop a tear over the grave of the millionaire.

COMPLETION OF THE GILBERT ELEVATED RAILROAD. THE STATION AT FOURTEENTH STREET.

IN previous issues we have noted the progress of work upon our elevated railroad system, and described the leading features of the enterprise. This week we give a view of a passenger station on the Gilbert or Sixth Avenue, which line, from its location, will soon become one of the most familiar objects in the city. This road touches several of the most important business and commercial centres in New York. At the crossing of Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, where two great currents of travel and traffic intersect, the company has erected one of its largest and most tasteful stations, and close at hand is the extensive establishment of R. H. Macy & Co., and other important houses in various branches of trade. The station has a frontage of thirty-eight feet, and is a double structure, with entrances on each side of the road. The interior of both the ladies' and gentlemen's waiting-rooms will be tastefully finished, and furnished after the popular Eastlake designs. Iron pilasters and decorated panels of the same metal will ornament the exterior, and the platform can be ascended on either side of the line by covered stairs of comfortable pitch and turns. The location may be called the "shopping centre" of New York. Macy & Co. alone employ in their business nearly 1,000 persons, 300 being engaged in the manufacturing departments. The several buildings fronting on Fourteenth Street, Sixth Avenue, and Thirteenth Street are all connected, the whole forming one of the most extensive stores in the city, with nearly thirty thousand feet of space on each floor. In the upper part of the buildings are large lofts for storage and work-rooms. The present proprietor of this vast hive of busy and prosperous industry, is Mr. R. M. Valentine, who has been several years a member of the firm. "Macy's" has a national reputation, and is to-day, in connection with the greater facilities for reaching it, one of the conspicuous landmarks of New York.

An Epicurean Calendar.

It is sometimes not disagreeable to trace the progress of the seasons at the dinner-table. An English wit once observed that he usually made acquaintance with Spring under the form of lamb and mint-sauce; and we remember a grace expressing thankfulness that no sooner was asparagus over than green-peas began. In Italy a like succession prevails. Lamb and green-peas, without artificial forcing, are served in the hotels of Rome before Spring has fairly set in. At the same time appear larks and other small birds, with strawberries for the desert. The boar and the porcupine belong to Winter. Vegetables are abundant and early rather than choice; a kind of wild asparagus from the Campagna is of speedy growth; also artichokes, the handsome leaves of which, serrated like the acanthus, might serve as decoration. For the Spring salad-bowl comes a species of fennel, which, like many other good things in Italy, occasionally grows wild; there also appear lettuce of several sorts and sizes, with other green edibles, dandelion included. But these salads are not equal to the French; in fact, Italians rely in all matters too exclusively on the bounty of nature, and, as a rule, whatever Spring provides the cook spoils. Fruit is scarce, save oranges and lemons, which, gathered with their green leaves, are so fragrant and luscious that we have known connoisseurs renounce the eating of oranges for ever afterwards.

Magpie Omens.

In many places the magpie shares the raven's reputation for sorcery, and he is also supposed to bring bad luck. Silesia is the only exception, for there people think that the chattering of a magpie foretells the arrival of esteemed visitors. In Tyrol, on the contrary, its screaming denotes famine or pestilence. Whenever a magpie screams outside a house in West Prussia or Hesse, it is regarded as a sure token of strife within that same

day. A magpie boiled down into soup makes him who eats it lose his senses. In the Lech Valley a curious notion exists that when nine magpies are seen together, one of them is sure to be a witch. It is unlucky to shoot a magpie in Prussia; and in the Wetteran the same theory is held respecting the water-wagtails, who are much given to frequenting the neighborhood of cows, "because they were formerly cows themselves!" Popular tradition states that magpies were originally white birds, and that they owe their black feathers to some enchantment. But the time will come when they will cast off the spell, and resume once more their snowy plumage, and then happy days will dawn on the earth. The Emperor Barbarossa sleeps within the mountain so long as the magpies wear their part-colored plumage, but when they regain their former white hue he will awake, and will emerge from his subterranean cavern to reign triumphantly over a great united Fatherland. In Uhland's well-known ballad of the Emperor Barbarossa, it is the ravens who encircle the Kyffhäuser mountain where the Kaiser reposes.

FUN.

THE liver complaint—that it costs so much to live.

CHICAGO men can scarcely believe the evidence of their own census.

It turns out that a man in Michigan who "lived forty days on water," had plenty of provisions in his boat all the while he was sailing around the lake.

THE PINT OF THE ARGUMENT.—Girl—Please will you give me a drink? Woman—Why don't you go home for a drink? Girl—Please, sir, my mother's a teetotaler.

WHAT is it bumps down the office stair, Tripped up on the landing unaware, By the editor, bounding from his lair? 'Tis the poet of Spring with the wavy hair.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was telling her scholars about a bad boy who stole a hundred dollars, when she was interrupted by one of her auditors with the query, "And how did he get such a bully chance?"

"I SAY, Paddy, that is the worst looking horse you drive I ever saw. Why don't you fatten him up?" "Fat him up, is it? Fat, the baste can scarcely carry the little mate that's on him now," replied Paddy.

"NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE."—Good-natured Doctor—"Stay, those eyes can be cured. I will undertake the operation and restore the sight." Beggar—"And deprive me of my livelihood? A pretty ideal! Do you want to ruin me?"

It is told of an Advent brother in Westfield, Mass., who recently caught a man stealing meat from his market, that, in reply to his plea to be let off and his declaration that God helping him, he would never steal again, the brother said: "God helping you! Why you scoundrel, if I hadn't caught you stealing you never would have known there was a God."

A CONNECTICUT editor shows his familiarity with agriculture in the following: "T is wheat to oat the progress of the approach of Spring. Onion-der hills and meadows nature is bean arrayed in all herb beauty. The farmer manifests corn cider-apple zeal in his effort to secure early field crops, while the gardens, with t-hay-r radish-lonal work, are being carefully attended to."

THE SECRET OF BUSINESS SUCCESS.

It is claimed that Vanderbilt exhibited great nerve and shrewd business sagacity in the purchase of stocks and railroads controlled by him. Yet, when ever he made an investment he received in return an equivalent either as his own, or as collateral security. Dr. R. V. Pierce has invested many hundred thousand dollars in advertising, depending entirely upon the superior merit of his goods for security. The unparalleled popularity of his family medicines, and the annual increase in their sale, attests in arguments stronger than words of their purity and efficiency. If the blood be impoverished, the liver sluggish, or there be tumors blotches and pimples, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will effect a speedy and perfect cure. If the bowels be constipated use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Debilitated females suffering with those peculiar dragging-down sensations and weaknesses, will find Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a safe and certain remedy. Prompt relief and a permanent cure have so universally followed its use, that the doctor now sells it under a positive guarantee.

OAKLAND, Douglass Co., Oregon, Jan. 23, 1877. DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir—Your Golden Medical Discovery has cured my daughter of goitre, after many physicians had failed. Inclosed please find \$1.50 for a copy of The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser. With us it takes the place of the family physician.

Yours truly, AARON ALLEN.

MT. VERNON, Ohio, July 10, 1876.

DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir—Four bottles of your Favorite Prescription has entirely cured my wife. We employed three different physicians and many remedies, but found no relief. With a thankful heart, I am, Ever your friend, AUGUST WARRING.

MEN'SMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC contains the entire nutritious properties of beef. It is not a mere stimulant like the extracts of beef, but contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease; and in every form of debility, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., Proprietors, Fifth Avenue Hotel Building, New York.

Sulphur Springs at Home should command every lady's attention, as it is pronounced by many leading physicians to be one of the most valuable inventions of the age. See advertisement, and send for circulars.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

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(BREAKFAST)

COCOA.

Sold only in Packets labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO.,
HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
LONDON.

R. H. MACY & CO.,

Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue.

R. M. VALENTINE

PROPRIETOR.

Grand Central Fancy & Dry Goods Establishment.
Comprising 26 Complete Department Stores.

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THE CITY OR LADIES ABOUT TO VISIT EUROPE WILL FIND HERE THE MOST PERFECT FACILITIES OFFERED BY ANY HOUSE IN AMERICA FOR SUPPLYING EVERY ARTICLE NECESSARY TO A

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TOILET, COMFORT, OR USE.

A WEEK'S SHOPPING can be done here in one day.

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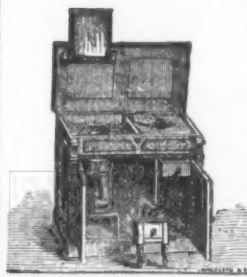
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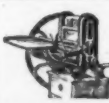
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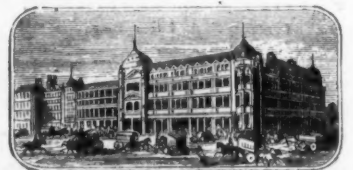
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